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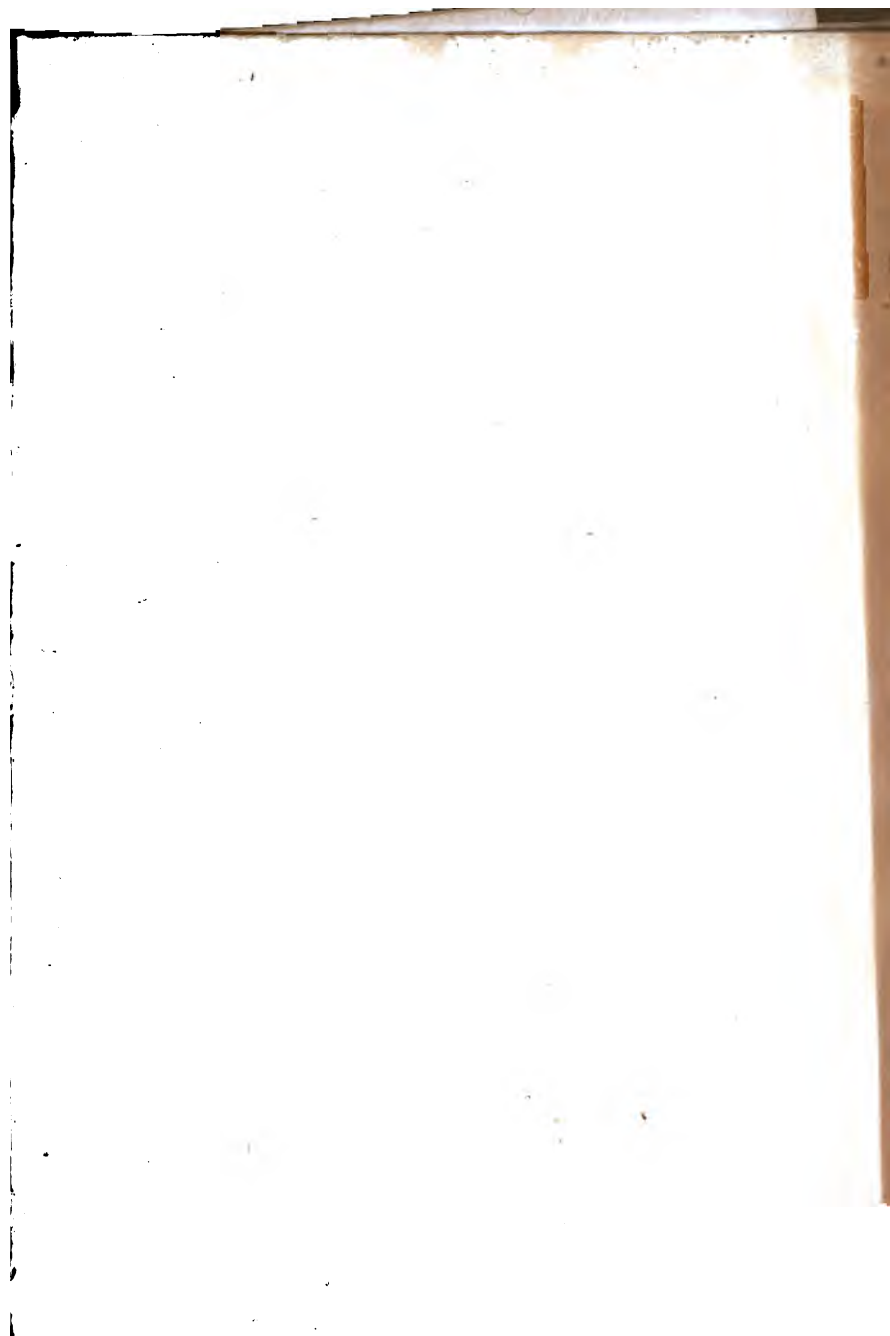
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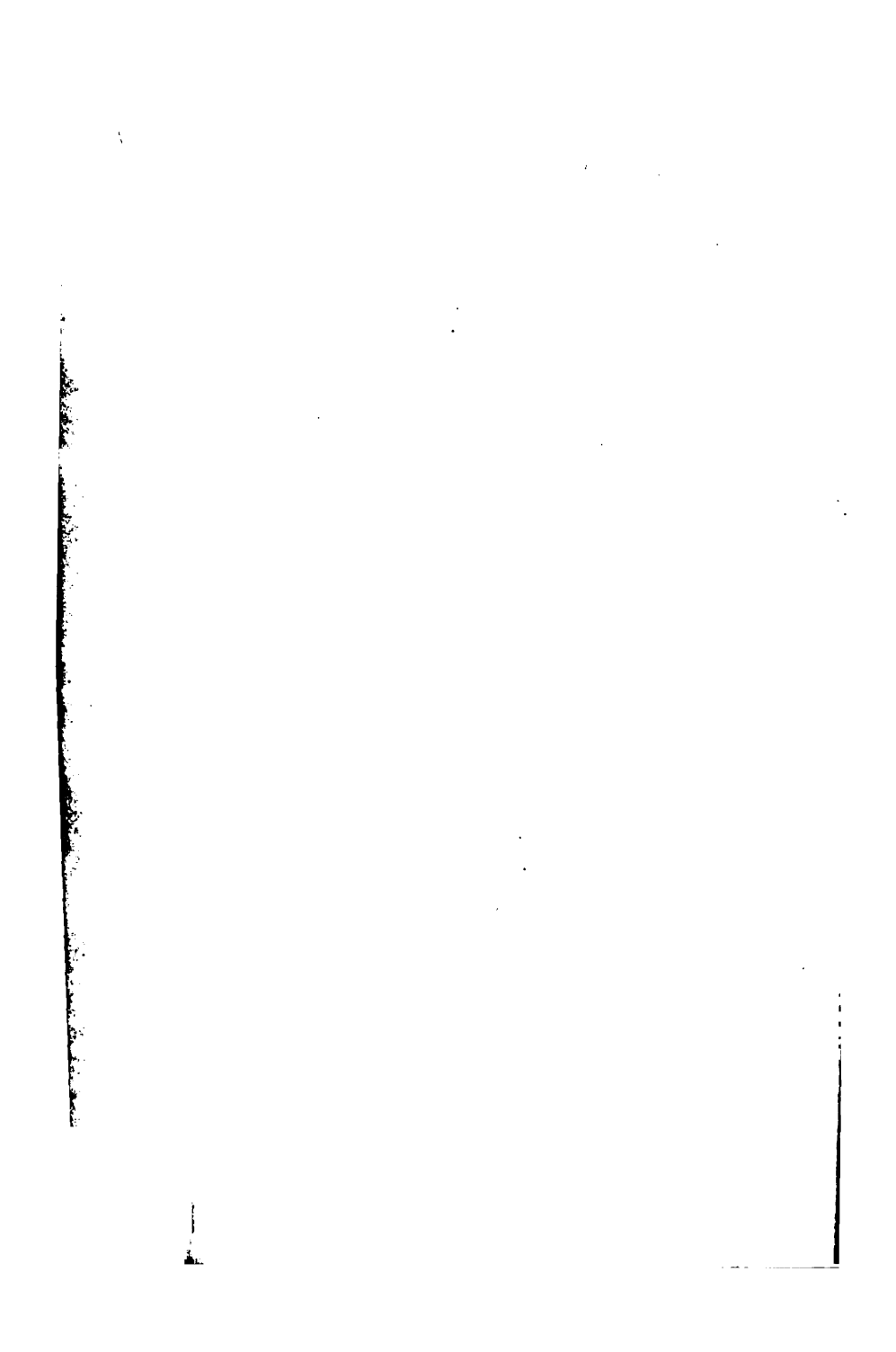
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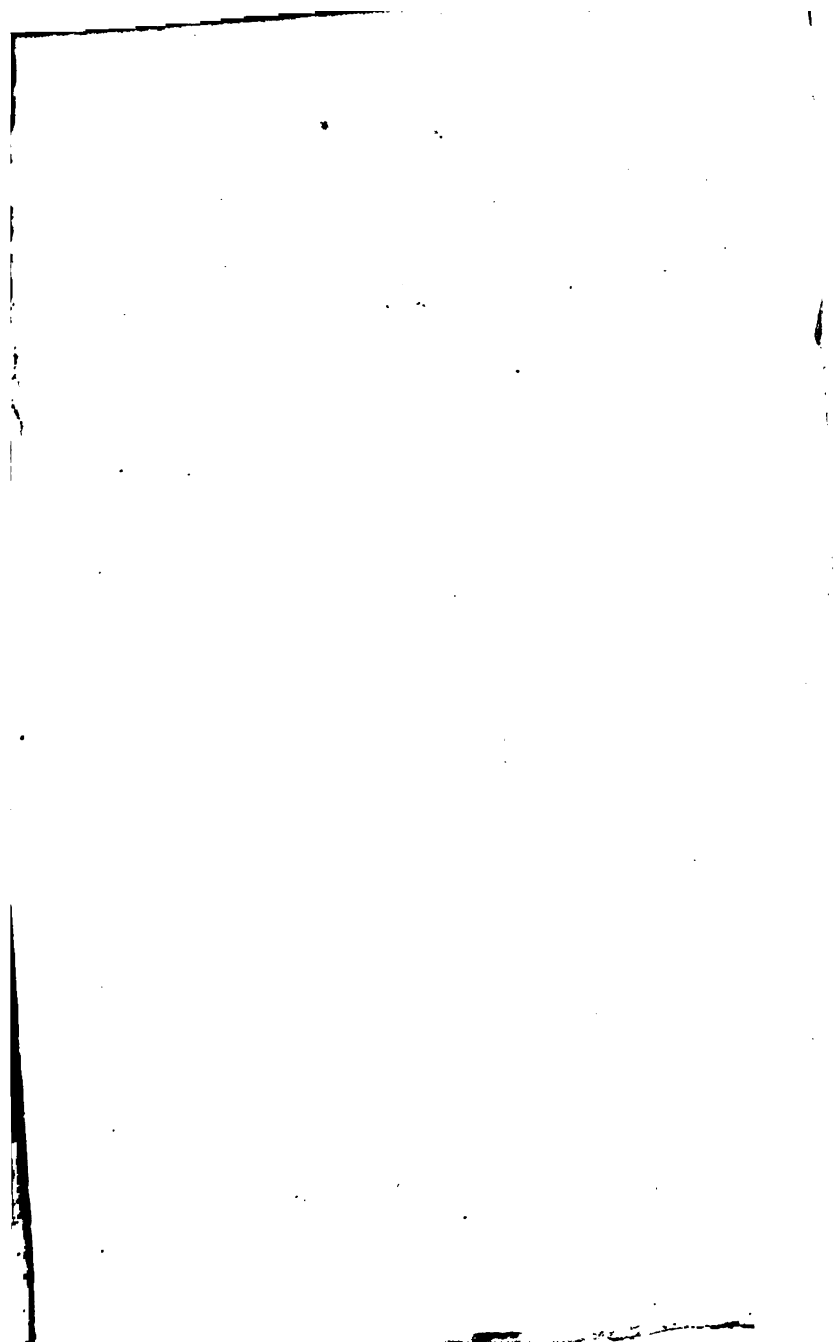
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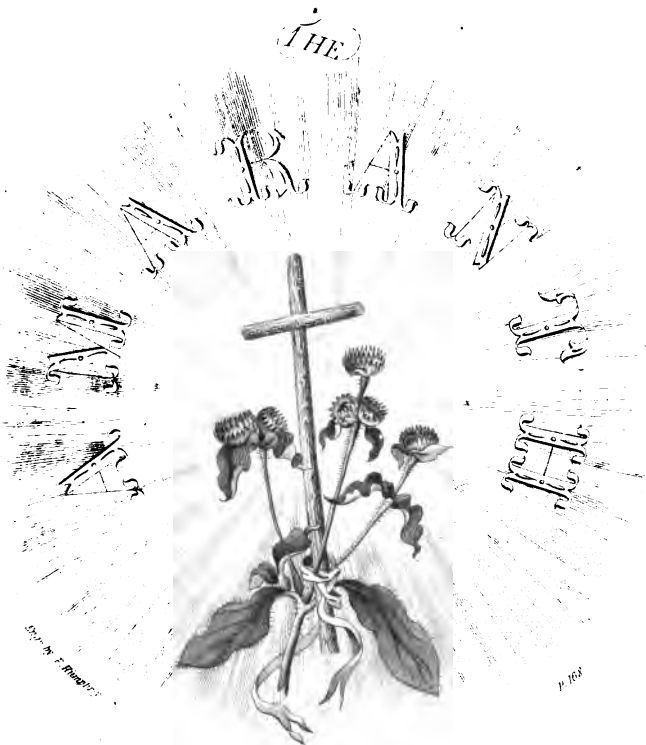


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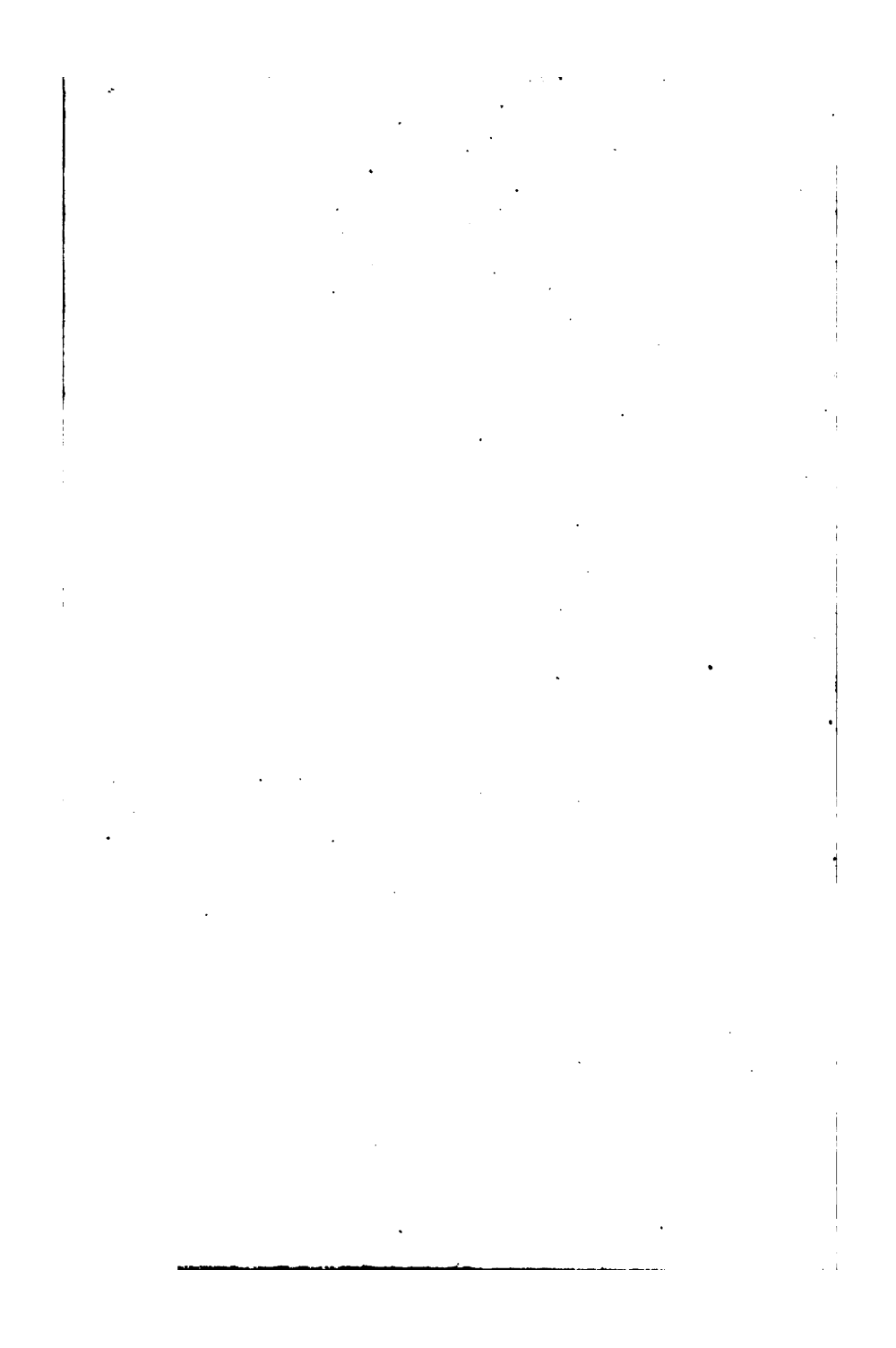




Immortal **AMARANTH** a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
 To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows;  
 And flowers aloft shading the fruit of life.

*Paradise Lost* 1. 11

*Philadelphia*  
**AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.**  
 — 146 Chesnut St. —



THE

**ABABANTH;**

A

**GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS.**

REVISED

BY

THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN  
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AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

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## P R E F A C E.

THE custom of exchanging tokens of friendship and affection, has its origin in some of the best feelings of human nature ; and, under proper regulations, may be made conducive to valuable ends.

We read a book which a friend gives us, for our friend's sake ; when neither the subject nor style of the book itself would attract us. And if we can throw around it the embellishments of art, and thus give to truth and knowledge a captivating dress, these advantages are by no means to be undervalued.

Scarcely a day passes in which we have not one or more calls for such a volume as we herewith present. And though there is no lack of beauti-

fully printed and ornamented books, they fail in several important respects to suit our purpose. Hence we are constrained by necessity to prepare one, or to forego a favourable opportunity of doing good.

Our effort has been to suit the variety of ages and tastes which are found in most families; and though the subjects of the embellishments are generally juvenile, there is a character in them which those of the most mature taste and judgment will not fail to appreciate. The matter is entirely original, and the contributors will accept the acknowledgments of the Committee for their kind offices.

If to cause a blade of wheat to grow where none grew before, makes a man a benefactor of his race, what shall we say of one who is instrumental in lodging a single truth in the mind of an immortal being, and awakening him to some just sense of his destinies and responsibilities?

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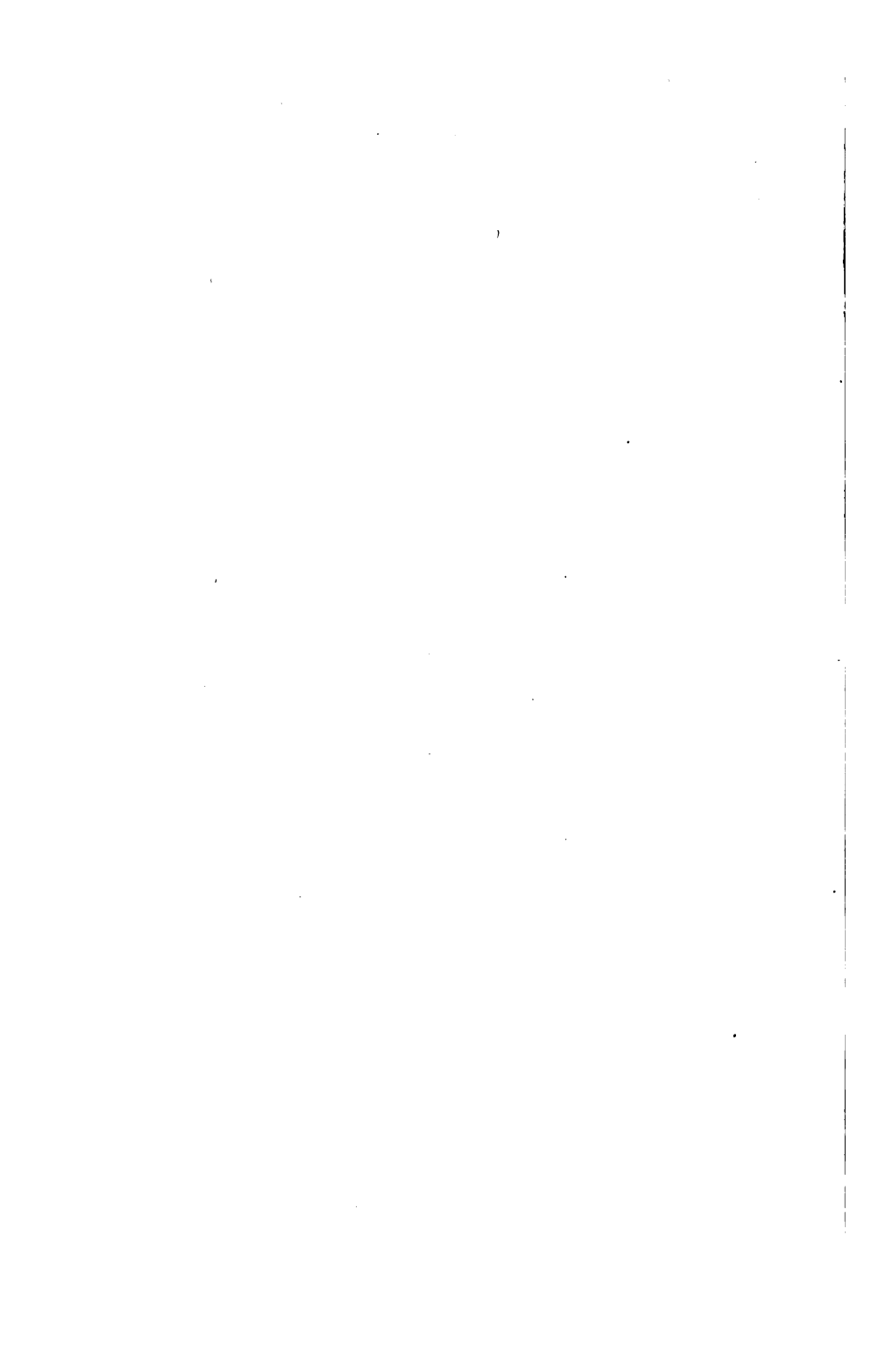
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## THE AMARANTH.

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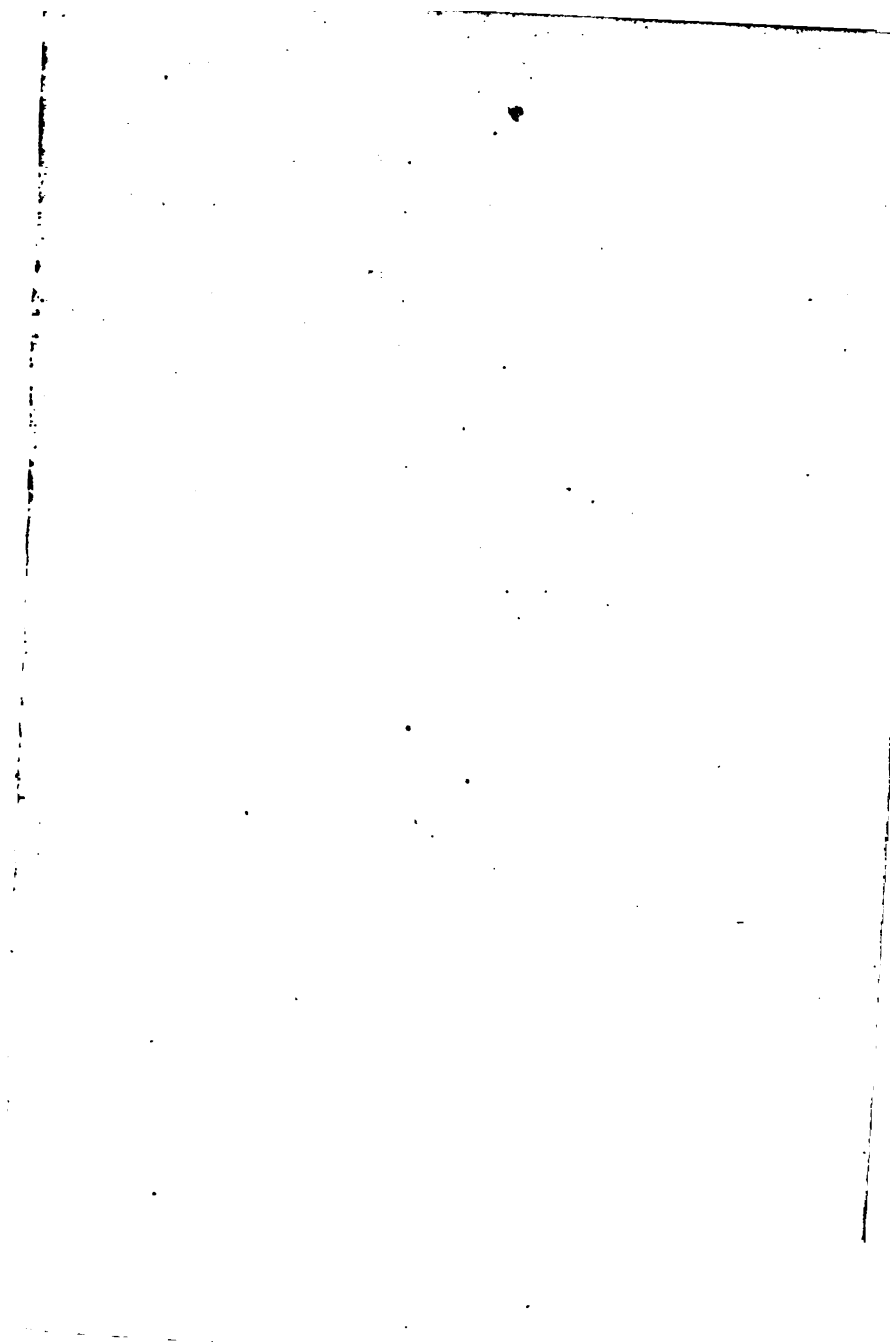
### THE DISCIPLE OF ST. HELENA.

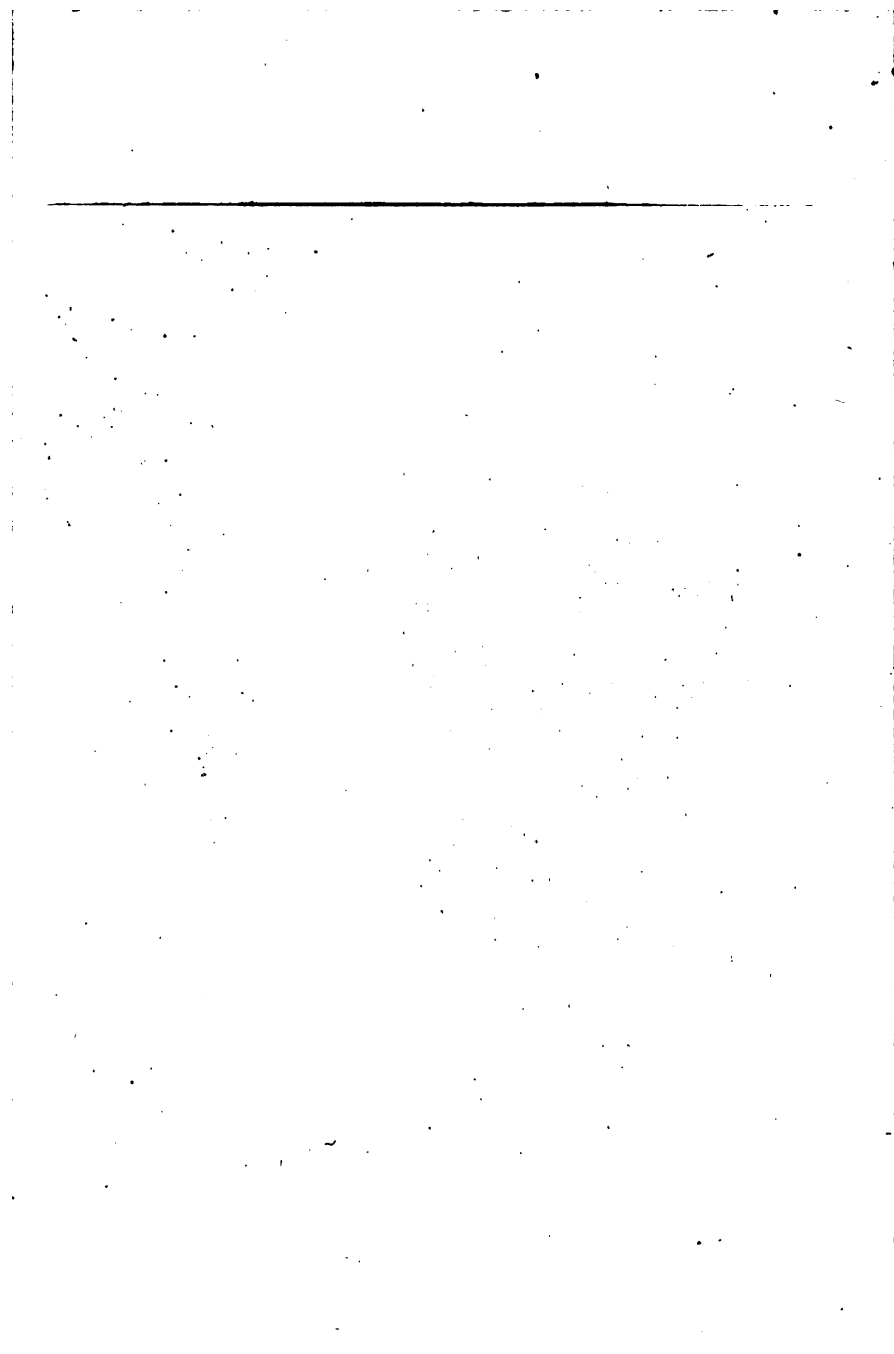
THE joyful sound of "Land ho!" was proclaimed from the mast-top, and soon echoed through the ship. It was a beautiful morning in June. The trade winds, soft and gentle as the zephyrs, filled our sails; and we had retired to rest the preceding night, hoping, with the morning light, to welcome the long-desired Island of the Tomb. Three months had we ploughed a sluggish southern ocean, or been tossed on the rough waters of the Cape, without once having made the land. Wearied and sick; our water bad and scarce, and our provisions still worse; the captain profane and cross; the mate drunk and quarrelsome; and the whole ship's crew dissatisfied, sick, or complaining; never was a sound more welcome than the cry of "Land."

Sleep had no power to charm ; and, long ere the dawn, we were on deck, straining our vision to give shape and dimensions, if possible, to the new object which had sprung up in our western horizon. "*That* is St. Helena"—"*'Tis* St. Helena," responded many a voice. And never were sad hearts more suddenly cheered, or gloomy faces sooner brightened with smiles.

We watched the distant object ; now fearing it might be only a small dark cloud in our horizon ; now tracing the indistinct outlines of a great rock. The dawn appeared. We neared the desired haven. The morning burst upon us ; and what at first appeared but a speck, and, then, one continuous rock, now presented the side of an abrupt island,—defying, by its perpendicular and rocky walls, the raging billows of the boundless ocean. For, save this huge rock, nothing obstructs the heavings of the proud Atlantic for many hundred miles.

The unbroken outline, which first appeared, gave place, on our approach, to a scene diversified with hills and valleys ; high precipices and deep ravines ; batteries, guns, and flag-staffs ; trees, fields, and shrubberies. Then opened to our view, in a deep cut between two almost perpendicular hills, the valley of Jamestown. We entered this beautiful





and romantic, but terrific harbour, and cast anchor before the little town—beautiful and romantic from being encircled in the arms of two projecting hills, and forming the entrance to the charming valley of Jamestown; and terrific, if you, perchance, turn your eye on either side, where battery rises above battery in the adjoining cliffs commanding the whole harbour.

A boat, containing the representatives of several different nations—the Hindoo, the African, the Islander, and the Englishman—came alongside. We landed; wound our way along the shore under a perpendicular rock of an hundred feet, and by a road, adorned on either side with the Indian fig tree, entered the town through an arched gate-way under the terrace, passed by the government castle, a neat little church, several public buildings, the governor's beautiful gardens, and ascended, through the principal street, to the upper part of the town, where we were cordially welcomed by the family of the American consular agent.

For reasons which need not now be detailed, we were detained on the island a month, and had ample time to survey this extraordinary spot, and to become acquainted with the character and condition of its inhabitants. We ascended its loftiest peaks, from which, as from a tower in the midst of



the ocean, we surveyed the vast expanse of blue waters meeting the distant barrier. We wound our way down to the bottom of its low, beautiful and rich valleys, covered with the productions of different latitudes, till, in the depths of its ravines, we renewed our acquaintance with the ever-green foliage and the delicious fruits of India.

But I have not introduced the island to describe it, but because it is the residence of a beloved disciple of the Lord Jesus, dwelling in obscurity amidst a thoughtless world, well known at the court of heaven, favoured with the royal presence, and, though poor and ignoble in the eyes of a misjudging world, known and honoured by the children of the great king. His unassuming piety, his unlettered wisdom, his holy zeal, his unpretending sincerity, are worthy the admiration and the instruction of far more favoured disciples.

We were occupying a house which stands at the head of that romantic valley, where, according to the express desire of the fallen hero of France,\* his remains, till lately, reposed, and on the bend of

\* Napoleon, Emperor of France, was carried to St. Helena as a captive in November, 1815, he died there May 5, 1821, and his remains were removed in 1840, and deposited, with imposing ceremonies, under the dome of the Hospital of Invalids in the city of Paris.

the principal road to Long Wood. It was about sunset on one of those dark evenings often experienced during this season of the year, when a cloud enveloped the place, sweeping over it from hill to hill, and drenching it with rain or dense vapor. We were enjoying the luxury of the blazing fagots, rather for old friendship's sake than from any actual need of its warmth. A gentle tap was heard at the door. I opened it; and there stood before me a sedate youth, of about twenty years of age, rather tall, with a dark complexion, and a mild and modest demeanor. His frame, as well as his countenance, indicated the ravages of severe disease.

A stranger's salutations passed, he addressed me as nearly as I can recollect in these words:—"Sir, I have been informed that a man of God is living here. I heard of your arrival, and have come to see you." I invited him in, and offered him a chair. He complied with some hesitation, evidently doubting whether he should not give offence to somebody present by the familiarity to which he was invited. An hour passed swiftly and pleasantly away. He talked only of heavenly things. He seemed overjoyed at the interview. We prayed; he drew from his pocket a collection of hymns, and sang one of them, which he had *spelled* out and committed to memory, for he could

scarcely read. He then rehearsed to me the dealings of God in bringing him into the fold of the great Shepherd. Emotions of joy and sorrow alternately heaved his bosom as he related the following unvarnished tale of his Christian experience. I shall relate the substance of it in the third person, making no attempt to preserve his peculiar dialect.

Edward Smith (for this I found to be his name) had been a servant boy in an English family. When very young he often felt a concern for the salvation of his soul; but being surrounded only by those who were as ignorant, and far more thoughtless than himself, and being unable to read and having no superior who interested himself in his behalf, he sighed alone; sometimes suppressing his convictions, and at other times sending up the publican's petition to the Father of all mercies. Thus he struggled on, groping his way in darkness, seeking light and joy but finding none, till he was fifteen or sixteen years of age. The reader must here be reminded that St. Helena, with its five thousand souls, though nominally Christian, then contained but few pious persons; few who (themselves being judges) have any reasonable hope that they have been born of the Spirit. Well might young Edward say, "no man cares for my soul."

His health now failed, and, being unable longer

to do the service to which he had been accustomed, he had more leisure to ponder on the great concern which seems always to have been a burden upon his heart. It now pressed upon him with redoubled weight, and he ventured to seek relief in opening his mind to a young tradesman in Jamestown, who, by the low standard of piety on the island, was reputed to be a pious man. But he derived very little comfort or instruction from this source. He had been long under the secret teachings of the Holy Spirit. He knew how poor and miserable and blind and naked he was. He knew that help could come only from God. He continued to mourn in secret, lying low at the foot of the cross, not daring to look up; and almost despairing that a crucified Redeemer would deign to regard such a worm. During this period he was not only the child of poverty and of ignorance, but he was the very child of affliction. He had suffered most severely from sickness and pain, and once or twice had been brought, by protracted illness, to the verge of the grave. The hand of the Lord for a long time laid heavily upon him, but never did he complain or charge God foolishly. From the furnace of affliction he sent up the penitent's prayer, and received an answer of peace.

His joys now became as ecstatic as his sorrows

had been intense. Every sound seemed a voice of praise; every visible object seemed clad with the divine glory. Now he was rich and happy; for he had that which cannot be got for gold; neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it—no mention shall be made of coral and of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies." In the spirit of adoption he could now say "Abba, Father." He felt what it is to be raised from the lowest condition of poverty, pain, and ignorance, and to be made a child of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. What youth would not rejoice when such prospects should first burst on his view? Who would not be raised above the paltry things of time and sense?

Poor Edward now became happy Edward,—though he still had scarcely where to lay his head. He was destitute, sick, and dependent. During the last three years he had attempted to read, but, having no teacher, nor any one to encourage and assist him, he could only now spell out passages of scripture and commit them to memory, and this he had done to a considerable extent.

Though in the humble capacity of a servant boy, he could not restrain his ardent desires to be useful

to his fellow creatures. Even while struggling with the most distressing doubts, and groping in thick darkness without a guide, he did not live without attempting to benefit those about him. He conversed with his friends and companions, and distributed religious tracts when he could obtain them. But now a new era commenced in the history of Edward. Faith wrought within him, overcoming the fear of the world, purifying his heart, and working by love towards all around him. He missed no opportunity of doing good which came within the narrow limits of his influence or opportunity. He spent much time in prayer and meditation, and often met for social worship and improvement, with a small assembly of poor people, who seem to have been much benefited by these pious interviews; and some of them, it is hoped, have been brought, through his humble instrumentality, to embrace an offered Saviour, and will be found with him at God's right hand.

While in this happy frame of mind, and endeavoring to do something for the cause of his Redeemer, and still suffering from ill health and abject poverty, he attracted the notice of Miss M——, an English lady of piety and wealth, residing on the island. She at once invited Edward to her house, supplied his wants, gave him a plea-

sant little room over her kitchen, and such light service, as he was able to do.

He concluded his simple and affecting narrative, of which the above is the substance, (for the unadorned eloquence of the narrator cannot be preserved,) by inviting me to accompany him to see his friend and protectress. This I gladly promised to do, and, having appointed the morning when he should call to conduct me thither, he took his leave, expressing the great satisfaction which he had enjoyed in the interview. Never before did I see myself to be so insignificant, or the grace of God so great, as in the case of this humble disciple. Here was a Christian formed by God's own hand, and almost without human instrumentality. And never did I see one formed on a better model. Never have I met one on whom the image of Christ was more visible—one so evidently "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Education he had not, books he could not read, and no companion, or friend had he who could render him the least guidance either in matters of religion or of knowledge. A simple child of nature, made a simple child of grace, presented to my view one of the most interesting specimens of God's workmanship that I have ever seen.

The appointed morning came; I started off in the direction of Miss M——'s, without waiting the arrival of our young friend. The morning was uncommonly delightful, even for this most delightful of climates. A shower had fallen the preceding night, and the sun had risen from his ocean bed, not to scorch with his wonted tropical intensity, but with the heat of his rays moderated by the cooling trade winds. My path led me over the base of Halley's Mount—from which that celebrated astronomer once observed the transit of Venus. From this spot nearly the whole island may be seen, which, at this time, was covered with an almost unbroken carpet of green. The fertile valleys displayed their rich fields of ripening grain, or growing vegetation, with their vineyards, orchards and beautiful and neat cottages surrounded by luxuriant shrubbery. On the sides of the hills, flocks and herds were grazing in the verdant pastures, and the summits of the highest peaks, crowned with a thick ever-green jungle, or covered with groves of firs, presented, at a distance, the appearance of a low and luxuriant vegetation. In full view on my right, in the deep valley which terminates the mount on which I stood, appeared the lone and the low repository of all that death had left of *him* who held the world in awe. A grave



covered with three unlettered stones, and enclosed by a plain iron railing—a little green plot of ground surrounded by a wooden paling, three aged willows, a few young cypresses, and one veteran English soldier—was all the attendant of wealth and state and pomp, now required for that once potent monarch. Come, ye that are powerful and noble, and here behold the end of earthly greatness !

From the contemplation of this lowly spot, which forces on the mind the most humiliating reflections upon human pride and ambition, the eye involuntarily steals beyond the valley, and fixes on the opposite side, where stand the well-known buildings of Long Wood. The rude and humble dwelling—whose walls once witnessed the sighs and groans of departed greatness, and where the restless spirit of the conqueror, confined, smothered, consumed by its own unhallowed fires, and cankered by the gnawings of the undying worm, struggled to throw off its manacles till it burst from its earthly tenement—is dilapidated by time, and desecrated to the common purposes of a farm-yard and barn. Of the hero we can only say, "he died and was buried." The unfading "crown," the imperishable sceptre, the eternal "kingdom," the immortal "glory," which were, perhaps, once

freely offered to the youth of Corsica, may be reserved for the unpretending hero of my little tale.

Who can avoid drawing the contrast? What youth can hesitate which part he would choose, whether the earthly career, the honour, the glory, the life, the death, the eternity of Napoleon Bonaparte, or of young Edward, the humble disciple of St. Helena?

But I have digressed. My path wound over Halley's Mount into a rich and beautiful valley below. Here English cottages, huts, gardens, well cultivated fields and green pastures, variegated the amphitheatre which was formed by the adjacent hills. As I walked slowly on, I was hailed from the door of an humble cottage, and recognised in the call the voice of our young friend. He had stopped on his way to converse with a poor woman on the one great concern. He joined my company, and conducted me onward towards the habitation of his kind mistress. Half an hour's walk now brought us to the gate that opened into her plantation. Instead of raising the latch, as I expected, he suddenly stopped, and, after a momentary silence, modestly said, "This, sir, is the gate which opens into the fields of my good mistress. I never enter it without stopping, and beseeching God to bless the kind lady." Struck with the pious grati-

tude implied in this singular proposition, I scarcely knew what to reply, but was ready to unite with him in his accustomed petitions. He accordingly inclined his head on the gate—in which he was imitated by his unworthy companion—and poured out the overflowings of a grateful heart in the humble, honest strains of untutored eloquence. He prayed that health and prosperity might attend her in all her ways; that her fields might be fruitful, and her flocks increase; that plenty might smile on her in this world; but, above all, that her soul might be filled with all good here, and be crowned with glory in the world to come. In the most simple and unaffected language, he paid a tribute of thanks to the Parent of all our mercies, for the support, protection, counsel, and instruction which that good lady afforded him; and he closed by commending her and hers, himself and his present companion, to the care of a kind and ever-watchful Providence.

Passing over a high grazing land, one part of which was covered with a beautiful grove of firs, we soon descended toward the house of Miss M——. It was situated on the side of the hill, surrounded by a yard and garden of trees, shrubbery and various species of vegetation; and adjacent to which, were well cultivated fields, orchards,

vineyards and pastures. We had come by a cross path, which had brought us to the back gate of the enclosure, near the kitchen. As I was about to open the gate, he stopped as he had done before and said, "Pardon me, sir, in this thing, but it is my habit here again to *implore a blessing* on my mistress." He accordingly again offered up a short and simple petition for the divine blessing on the lady of the house, on her household, and on all who should ever dwell on these premises.

As we came near the door of the kitchen, (which formed the end of a long wing of the house,) he asked me if I would call on Miss M—— immediately, or accompany him to his room. Desirous of seeing more of my humble, but truly interesting friend, and the hour being early, I chose the latter.

We ascended a narrow flight of steps, which led to his "upper chamber." Humble as it was it displayed the air of christian neatness and comfort. A narrow bed, with linen white and clean; a chair, a stool, a wooden chest; a table covered with a neat, white cloth, on which stood a cup of coffee and his simple breakfast; a Bible and hymn book, which bore the marks of *every day use*, and an old book much mutilated and worn, which I found to be Baxter's *Saints' Rest*;

composed the furniture of the room, and the whole wealth of its occupant.

We talked ; we read ; he sung one of his favourite songs of Zion ; we prayed. I never felt so near the verge of heaven. There was something in this atmosphere,—something in this consecrated spot,—which bespoke its proximity to that world of spirits, where the just are made perfect. Happy, happy youth, thought I, though humble, thou shalt be exalted above princes ; though poor, thou hast a treasure, which the wealth of ten thousand worlds cannot buy. Happy, thrice happy, that youth, who, like pious Edward, chooses that better part which shall never be taken from him.

On descending the rude steps that led down from the privileged abode of this child of Heaven, I felt I was descending from the top of Pisgah, whence I had caught a glimpse of the promised land. I then called on Miss M——, who received me with true Christian cordiality, and with the familiarity of old friendship. Her house, herself, and all about her, bespoke that elegance, neatness, and simplicity I had expected to see from the report which I had heard of her. For the memorial of her “prayers and alms” is engraved on the tablet of many a grateful heart, and written, too,

I doubt not, in heaven. Hers was piety in the higher walks of life, but so unaffected, so simple, and accompanied with such an air of sincerity as to make it appear the more admirable and lovely. After half an hour's conversation on things pertaining to the business and honour of our Lord and Master, a well known signal summoned the household to their morning devotions, which had been deferred in the expectation of my visit.

A Bible, a hymn book and a prayer book, were lying on the table, around which we were sitting I read a chapter from the New Testament, and led their devotions. I know not when I was ever more happily impressed with the *oneness* of God's children. Though the representatives of different nations, assembled as strangers from widely distant portions of the earth, and accustomed to different forms of worship, we were one in language, one in feeling, one in devotion.

We parted, soon after, with feelings of mutual regret. Young Edward accompanied me on my way to the harbour as far as the brow of the almost perpendicular hill, which overlooks the charming valley of Jamestown, where we finally separated, to meet, we hope, in heaven. Our ship soon left the island, and we made a pleasant voyage to the United States.

I will only add, that I have seldom met a more happy and devoted Christian than young Edward. If his lips may be taken for the index of his thoughts, his mind was continually on heavenly things. His thoughts were not, however, confined to himself, and to his own salvation. He seemed almost equally concerned for the future well being of his fellow sinners. He spoke often, though modestly, of his efforts to bring others to a saving knowledge of the truth; and expressed much satisfaction in having received, from one of our ships, a donation of small books, which he had carefully distributed, or *lent*, to such as could read, and would receive them, or which he had read, in his imperfect way, and explained to the poor and ignorant. He asked me how he could obtain more of them; and when told that I would send him a supply, if my life was spared, the emotions of a grateful heart almost choked the utterance of his thanks. And I am happy to add, that the liberality of Christian friends in America has enabled me to fulfil this promise far beyond my expectations. We may now think of this dear disciple—if not in heaven—in possession of a good supply of religious tracts and many small and valuable religious volumes, piously and unostentatiously pursuing his good work, almost alone, and in that remote and

insulated part of God's dominions, where his holy name is little known and less honoured.

And here we will leave him—another striking illustration that God often chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and the weak things of this world to confound the mighty; and the base and the despised to bring to nought things that are esteemed honourable among men. Edward Smith affords an example worthy of imitation. Though poor and unlearned, and, from bodily disease, and the circumstances of his humble condition in this life, cut off from all the buoyant hopes of youth, yet he is rich and happy; and looks forward with the pleasing hope of an unfading crown and an imperishable kingdom.

H. R.



### THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

FAITH, Hope, and Charity ;—these three,\*  
 Yet is the greatest Charity :  
 Father of Lights, these gifts impart  
 To mine—to every human heart.

Faith, that in prayer can never fail,  
 Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,  
 And Charity, whose name above  
 Is God's own name,—for “ God is Love.”

The morning-star is lost in light,  
 Faith vanishes at perfect sight ;  
 The rainbow passes with the storm,  
 And Hope with Sorrow's fading form.

But Charity, serene, sublime,  
 Beyond the range of death and time,  
 Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,  
 Holds heaven and earth in her embrace.

\* 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Faith, Hope, and Charity ;—these three,  
Yet is the greatest Charity ;  
Lord Jesus, may these graces shine  
In every heart—yet most in mine !

J. M.

*Sheffield.*

## IT IS ONLY A BUBBLE.

"I WISH you would be still, Blanche, and not fidget about so much. Don't you see that you have made me break my bubble five or six times?"

So Oliver said to his little sister, who was holding an earthen saucer of soap-and-water, while he was blowing bubbles from a clay-pipe. "Keep still, Blanche, and do not laugh so much. Every time you laugh, you shake me so that the bubble breaks; and I do not want to stop till I blow one as big as my head." Just at that moment the little girl laughed again, and the bubble burst. Oliver threw down the pipe in anger, and overturned the stone-pitcher.

"Never mind, brother," said Blanche, with a sweet smile, "*it is only a bubble.*"

"But I do mind—I will mind! See how you have broken the pipe and the pitcher, too! And you have done all you could to wet me."

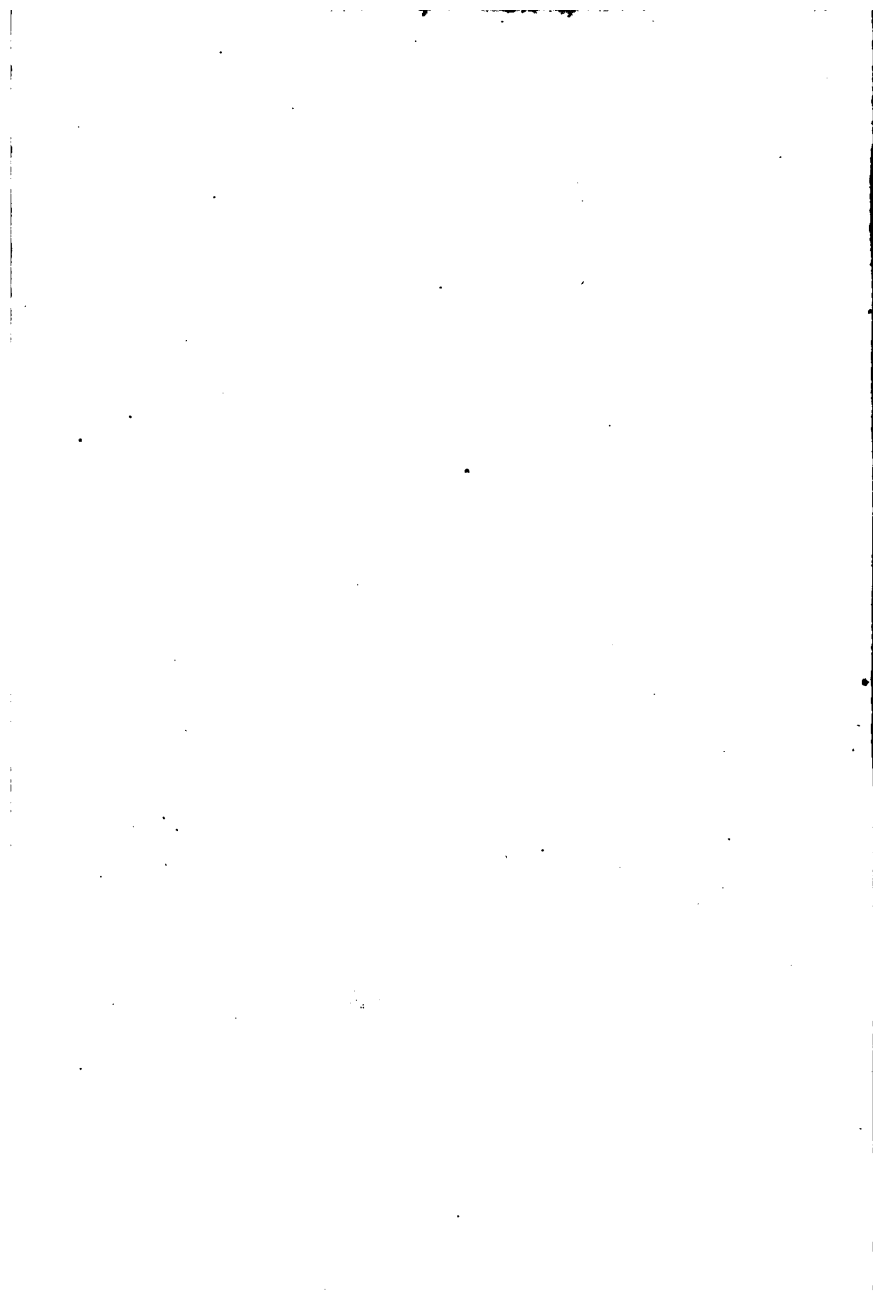
"Oh, no, brother," said Blanche, patting her brother's cheek, which was red with anger; "it is only a bubble after all. I have not done any thing



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THE BUBBLE

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on purpose. You see my arms are tired holding the saucer for you all the morning; and, indeed, I could not help laughing to see how your cheeks puffed out, and how very earnest you looked, and all for nothing, but a soap-bubble." And here Blanche laughed again.

Oliver was angry for a moment, but, at last, he could not help laughing himself. "Well," said he, "let us play at something else, for it is not worth being angry about."

"No, it is not, brother—let us kiss, and be friends—the bubble is worth nothing at all."

"Why, they are very beautiful," said Oliver; "and, when they are large, and fly up as high as the house, the colours are all red and blue and yellow and green, almost like the rainbow."

"They are pretty for a moment," said Blanche, "and then they are gone, and there is nothing left but the little dirty soap-suds."

"Well, then, let us play at something else. What shall it be? We can plant sweet-peas in our garden-border. They look pretty when they blossom, and they last longer than bubbles." So the little boy and girl went hand-in-hand to get their hoe and rake, and were very happy together until Oliver's next fit of passion.

There have seldom been a brother and sister

more unlike in their temper than Oliver and Blanche. He was all fire, and she was all gentleness. He was courageous and affectionate, but high-tempered. When he had any project in his head, he was earnest and impatient till it was accomplished. If any thing crossed him, he was too apt to fly into a passion, even with his little sister; but, when the storm was over, he was sorry for what he had done, and ready to ask forgiveness, which was always granted with a smile and a kiss. Blanche was timid and childish, but full of gaiety and affection. When her brother was angry, she only smiled. When he tore his clothes in his rage, she took out her thread and needle and mended them, singing and laughing all the while. She was wiser than he, though she was younger, and he often felt sorry for having offended her, and for not following her advice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several years passed away, and brought with them changes in the condition of Oliver and Blanche; but there was the same difference in their temper. Their parents had formerly been very poor, but now they began to have a little property, which they had earned by trade. Oliver

was a stout boy, and went to the academy in their native town. He was a good scholar, and generally behaved himself well, but he was still a passionate fellow, and sometimes got into quarrels and even fights with his schoolmates. On these occasions, his sister Blanche, who had now become a miss in her teens, was as affectionate and as good-humoured an adviser, as when they were little children. She smoothed down the rough points of his temper, and laughed him out of his whims, and comforted him under his disappointments.

The summer holidays were approaching, and Oliver was very busy in preparing for his examination. A prize was to be given to the best scholar in the academy, and it was the wish of Oliver and his friends that he might be the favoured person. No one desired this more than Blanche, and she used all the means in her power to make her brother study diligently. But she had more fears about it than he. For she observed that he went to his books by fits and starts, and she knew that his exercise-book was blotted and torn, and she remembered that, at the beginning of the year, he had been much more zealous about his fishing-lines than his grammar and dictionary. At last the disappointment came, and broke like a thunder-cloud over their heads. Blanche sat under the large wil-



low tree in the garden waiting for her brother's return. Her heart beat when she saw him turn the corner. He walked very fast, his face was flushed, and his eyes seemed as if they would start from his head.

"I am afraid you have not got the prize," said Blanche.

"No!" cried he, throwing himself on the grass with violent motions of his arms and fists; "No! they have cheated me, and given it to Tom Hall! This is the way they are always serving me; and I know the master hates me, and Tom Hall is his favourite, and all the boys know how partial he is to him, and I will let every body know it, and never go to his school any more." He was swelling with rage and disappointment, so he stretched himself under the tree, and burst into tears. Blanche wept, too, but sat down by him, and wiped the tears from his cheeks, and smoothed his face with her hands. "Never mind, Oliver," said she, "*it is only a bubble*;" and, saying this, she smiled through her tears. Oliver remembered the occurrence of their childhood, and her remark on that occasion. After a little while, he perceived that it was just as applicable to the present case, and he rose and washed away the marks of sorrow from his face, and thanked his sister for her good advice.

It would be well for older persons, if they could learn in time that worldly honour, fame and glory are only very large bubbles, of many gaudy hues, which last but an instant, and vanish before they can be grasped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let the reader imagine several more years to have elapsed. Oliver is now a young gentleman of education, expecting in due time to have a large fortune from the avails of his father's merchandise. Blanche is a young lady of beauty and accomplishment. Yet, though both are greatly altered in various respects, there are some in which they are the Blanche and Oliver of former days. It is true Oliver is less heady, and Blanche less timid than they were fifteen years ago; but Oliver still chases his bubble with eagerness, and Blanche is still easily moved to laughter and to tears. The one is still fiery and impatient, and the other gay and contented.

The brother and sister had just returned from a ride along the river-bank, when the servant, who came to take their horses, put a letter into the hands of Oliver. He hastily broke the seal, and turned deadly pale. Blanche seized the paper, and

read in the first sentence that their father was a bankrupt. They hastened to their respective apartments, almost stupified with grief. It was some hours before they could meet one another. When they did, both wept profusely. But Oliver's tears were hot and angry, while Blanche soon became placid and resigned.

"Who would be a beggar?" said Oliver.

"Our circumstances have indeed changed, my brother, but let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence. Thousands are happy who are no richer than we are. Our fortune is gone, but what then? *It is only a bubble.*"

Oliver did not smile, but he felt instructed. "Yes, my dear sister," said he; "it is true, wealth is a bubble. I thought I should have been better prepared for this stroke, but my hopes have been too sanguine, and I have the stunned feeling of one who has fallen from a great height. My philosophy has failed me."

"There is something better than philosophy, and that is Scripture:—" *A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.* Luke xii. 15. *Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven.* Prov. xxiii. 5. *Be content with*

*such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Heb. xiii. 5."*

\* \* \* \* \*

More than thirty years after the occurrence I have just mentioned, Oliver and Blanche met for the last time in this world. It was in a darkened chamber, where an aged widow was on her dying bed. That widow was Blanche Carterel. Her children were weeping around the bed. But near her head, and clasping her hand, was a gray-haired man, who seemed agitated more than all the rest.

"Brother," said the dying woman, "the world is all deceitful, except so far as it is made helpful to us in our journey to the next. I have found written on every thing, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity*. The world is a bubble. But in the fear of God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, there is substantial wealth. You have pursued worldly things, and yet your life has been a succession of disappointments. *Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*"

This is indeed a melancholy tale, but so much the more impressive is the moral. The world,

with all its pleasure, wealth, honour, pomp and promises, is only a bubble—glistening, for a season, in borrowed colours, and then vanishing for ever. The way to avoid melancholy thoughts, with regard to it, is to look beyond it. In this world we must all have afflictions, but, if we believe in Christ, these work for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. *While we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.* 2 Cor. iv. 18.

## LOOK BEYOND.

WHEN thy bosom swells with joy,  
Pleasures all thy hours employ ;  
When thy heart is free from sorrow,  
Careless of each coming morrow ;  
When bright flowers are round thee strewn,  
Hope's fair mantle o'er thee thrown ;  
LOOK BEYOND these scenes so gay,  
Fleeting, soon they'll pass away.

When thy brow with care is clouded,  
Youth's fond dreams in darkness shrouded ;  
When the light is faded—gone—  
That around thy pathway shone ;  
When thine eye is dimmed with tears,  
Sad thy spirit filled with fears ;  
LOOK BEYOND this world of woe,  
Peace and joy can God bestow.

When the loved, who now are thine,  
Leave thee for a brighter clime ;  
When the grave, the bier, the pall,  
From thy gaze, have taken all ;  
When thy lonely heart doth mourn  
Hours that never can return ;  
LOOK BEYOND the silent tomb,  
CHRIST hath scatter'd far its gloom.

When thy days are finished here,  
Death's dark valley drawing near ;  
When thy feeble frame decays,  
Faint and pale life's flickering rays ;  
When bright angels o'er thee bend,  
Home thy spirit to attend ;  
LOOK BEYOND the parting hour,  
Trust thy Saviour's grace and power !

C.

### THE INDIAN SACRIFICE.

My life, though I am still young, has been to me a very eventful one; I have never resided but a few years at a time in one place; for it has seemed the intention of a wise Providence that I should literally have here no abiding place or continuing city. I have lived in the town and in the country, in the village and in the wilderness, in society and in solitude. But I trust I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I have never passed a day without experiencing much, very much, for which to be thankful, and have truly been led to say:—

“Through all the various changing scenes  
Of life's uncertain ill, or good,  
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen  
The beautiful vicissitude.”

One afternoon, being surrounded by a circle of young friends, who had seldom been out of the busy hum of city life, I was urged by them to nar-



rate some facts connected with my residence in the "Western country."

"Oh, yes," said one of them; "something about the Indians."

"Ah!" said I, "your ideas about Indians are very different from mine. You think of the fierce Black Hawk, or the bold and wild Oseola, as savage men, who should not be suffered to live; and you imagine that all red men are of the same disposition. But, when I think of this wronged people, my heart aches. Who shall tell of the aggressions and frauds and oppressions which the whites have practised upon this doomed race; for, as the famous Red Jacket once affectionately said, 'The whites can exaggerate every effort made by the red men to retaliate the injuries and insults we receive; but we have no newspapers to tell what we suffer.' Who shall tell the story of the traders coming to them under the garb of friendship, and giving them the 'fire-water,' as they appropriately styled ardent spirits; and how, under its strange influence, they have been persuaded for a paltry sum to part with their extensive tracts of lands, containing their hunting-grounds, their dense forests, and, more sacred than all, the graves of their fathers. Oh, if you had seen them, as I have, when the time came for the fulfilment of their

contract to remove, leaving the home which their nation had enjoyed for ages past, and departing in a body, while, from time to time, they looked back towards their loved habitations, their bitter wailings testifying to the intensity of their grief, you would at least have sympathised with them. Long after their forms were lost to view, at intervals the loud lamentations of these 'sons of the forest' were borne on the wind to our ears. It seemed the death-knell of their happiness. Did not that cry go up to heaven, and enter into the ears of the God of mercy?

"It has seemed the intention of Providence to cause this race to pass away from the face of the earth, and to give their possessions to the civilised inhabitants of this continent. While our population is rapidly increasing, they are yearly diminishing in numbers, and in all probability their generations will soon become extinct, and but few imperfect records will be left of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country.

"Their fate has been a cruel, a melancholy one. They have been abused, insulted, oppressed by those who called themselves Christians. No wonder that one of their chiefs said, in answer to a request that they would receive missionaries, 'Let them go and preach to our white brethren, and

teach them not to cheat the poor Indian, and, if *they* hear them, then *we* shall be more ready to listen to their words.'

"Yet it has seemed necessary that this offence should come; but does not a fearful weight of guilt rest upon this nation, for their dealings with this people?

"I once lived very near an Indian village or reservation, as it was called, belonging to the tribe of the Tuscaroras. There were also parts of other tribes in the vicinity; indeed, they were quite numerous at the time my father first went to reside in that part of the country. At which time a deputation of chiefs paid him a visit, and in a formal speech, which was interpreted, welcomed us to their neighbourhood.

"Often, as I have been going to school, with only a younger sister in company with me, have I met numbers of them; and, though the road was through the woods, and only two log-cabins to be met with in the distance of a mile, a thought of fear never crossed my mind.

"At the house of one of their traders, (a most worthy and respectable man,) I was sometimes a visitor. Mr. Thomson was often absent from home; and, late at night, the Indians would frequently come to the house, which was far from any other,

and call for whiskey, for Mr. Thomson, though a good man, sold them ardent spirits ; for the subject of temperance had not then occupied the attention of the public as it now does. On one occasion, when Mr. Thomson was absent, they were loud in their demands for ' sneker,' as they called it. Mrs. Thomson opened a window, and said to them:— ' Mr. Thomson is gone—I am alone with my children, who are asleep—I shall not let you in, or give you any drink—go home.' You would have supposed she was in great danger, and that her house would be broken open. Not so. As soon as they were acquainted with her defenceless situation, they all departed in silence, and left her without further molestation. How different their conduct from that of those who call themselves Christians ! How would a set of white men have acted under like circumstances ?

“ We found our Indian neighbours a harmless, quiet, peaceable race ; never troublesome by coming to the house, which they seldom frequented, except to offer venison or berries for sale. We were always kind to them, and were, I believe, esteemed by them as favourites. We found them to be a very courteous and polite people. They never stared about or noticed furniture, or other articles, unless it was specially pointed out to them,

and then they would notice it as if they had not seen it before. I have seen Red Jacket and his wife at a gentleman's table, where they have conducted themselves with as much propriety as if they had been bred at court. They were indeed patterns of politeness; they never interrupted a person while speaking, and always listened with the greatest attention to what was addressed to them, and paused a moment, to be assured that you were entirely done speaking, before they attempted to reply.

"I could spend hours in narrating incidents relating to this interesting race; but I must not tire your patience, but proceed with what I was going to tell you of their customs.

"You have all heard or read of the sacrifices of pagan nations. I do not mean human sacrifices only, but those of animals, to appease offended deities, to avert calamities, or to return thanks for favours received. All this you have heard of in the accounts our missionaries have sent home from the far distant nations, where they are endeavouring to spread the gospel of salvation. But, though I never have been a missionary, I can tell you of something of this kind that I have seen within the United States;—yes, even in the enlightened, civilised, Christianised state of New York.

“But this account I wish to preface by a few remarks respecting these Indians, who seem too religious a race to be termed pagans. They acknowledged a Supreme Being, whom they denominated *The Great Spirit*, to whom they offered prayers and thanksgiving, and referred to Him as the rewarder of good and the punisher of evil. They regarded him as the source of all their blessings. If an Indian, when alone, shot a deer, as soon as he saw it fall, and before he came up to where it lay, he threw up his hand and exclaimed, ‘Thanks ;’ or, if several of them were together, they would say, ‘We thank the Great Spirit.’ If they met a friend, after an unusual separation, they invariably thanked the Great Spirit, who had permitted them to meet again. Did not these ignorant ‘sons of the forest’ then put to shame many a man who calls himself a Christian, but who refuses to acknowledge God in all his ways ?

“They had some traditions relating to the creation and formation of man, the general deluge, and the dispersion, which all bore a great resemblance to the Scripture account we have of these events.

“Many tribes of Indians within the bounds of the United States believe in a future state of existence. Major Long, who, with a large party, made

an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, gives many interesting facts relating to different tribes of Indians. Speaking of a tribe in Missouri, he mentions their habit of returning 'thanks to the Wacondah, or master of life.' They firmly believe in existence after death. The Wacondah is believed to be the greatest and best of beings, the creator and preserver of all things. Omniscience, omnipresence, and vast power are attributed to him; and he is supposed to afflict them with sickness, poverty, or misfortune for their evil deeds. In their conversation he is frequently appealed to as an evidence of the truth of their assertions, 'the Wacondah hears what I say.'

"Of another tribe, the Minnetarees, he mentions many interesting circumstances. He says they annually celebrate a penitence dance, when self-inflicted tortures or expiations for sin are suffered by the devoted of the nation. He speaks of one Minnetaree, who, in compliance with a vow he had made, caused a hole to be perforated through the muscles of each shoulder; through these holes cords were passed, which were, at the opposite ends, attached, by way of a bridle, to a horse that had been penned up three or four days without food or water. In this manner he led the horse to the margin of a river. The horse, of course, en-

deavoured to drink, but it was the promise of the Indian to prevent him, and that only by straining at the cords with the muscles of the shoulders, without resorting to the assistance of his hands! And, notwithstanding all the exertions of the horse to drink, his master succeeded in preventing him, and returned with him to his lodge, having accomplished his painful task.'

"From these extracts it appears these poor Indians may have some right views on religious subjects. But, though some of their ceremonies indicate an impression among them that some atonement for sin is necessary, they seem to have no knowledge of a Saviour, or of the way of salvation. But, if Sodom and Gomorrah in the judgment will rise up and condemn those who refused to listen to the Saviour, may we not suppose, that these Indians, who seem, with the little light they possess, to have some right views, will condemn those who in this day of gospel light remain unimpressed by the truths of the religion of Christ.

"A gentleman of great intelligence, who resided in the same neighbourhood, and who had spent a great part of his life with the Indians, and often acted as their interpreter, frequently narrated interesting incidents connected with the manners and customs of these Indians. He considered them a



religious people, according to their own notions. He informed us that they had, in their language, the word Hallelujah, which they used in singing, though they did not know its meaning—singing it in this way, Hal hal hal, le le le, lu lu lu, while all joined in a loud yah.

“I do not think that the Indians in the neighbourhood of my father’s residence ever practised any of these ceremonies; but I remember, while a small child, hearing of the Indian sacrifice. I afterwards found out that this occurred annually in the month of February, and was a thank offering to the Great Spirit for success in hunting. There was something very interesting relating to this sacrifice. A white dog was selected, free from defect, injury, or scar. I remember hearing it said that a white dog, which they wished to procure for this purpose, was rejected, because the tip of one ear had been cut off. Since that period, I have read Dr. Boudinot’s ‘Star in the West,’ and I do not wonder that he supposed these Indians to be the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes. The Jewish ceremony of sacrificing a spotless lamb might, by the lapse of time, have degenerated into the use of another animal; the fact, too, that they are a race who do not have flocks and herds, would make it impossible for them to continue this

sacrifice unless they substituted something else in its stead.

“Having heard this sacrifice often spoken of as an interesting ceremony, a party, of which I was one, determined to witness it.

“On a fine morning in February, we wrapped ourselves warmly in cloaks and furs, and prepared for a ride to the Indian reservation, where the sacrifice was to be offered. There was just enough snow on the ground to make the sleighing fine, and a four miles’ ride brought us to the settlement. We provided ourselves with a supply of ribands and trinkets,—as something of the kind was expected by them from visitors. As we rode into the village, we saw the animal, which had been killed, dressed and skinned, hanging from a stick, which was placed upon two standards. It was ornamented with various coloured ribands, and had been hanging for ten days. Two or three aged chiefs sat on the logs which were scattered around. Shortly after our arrival, we perceived groups of Indians collecting about the village, and soon the information was circulated that the sacrifice was about to be burned.

“On reaching the place, we found that the fire was already kindled; during this ceremony, a chief addressed the assembly, but, as there was no in-

terpreter present, we were ignorant of what he said—though we had every reason to suppose he addressed them on the religious nature of the sacrifice. At intervals, during the burning of the sacrifice, an aged chief sprinkled into the fire sweet-scented tobacco; and the similarity of this part of the ceremony to the burning of incense by the Jewish priests, could not have escaped the notice of any intelligent reader of the Scriptures present.

“For several days after this ceremony, the Indians celebrated their national dances. Part of one day I was present at this stage of their festival. They met in their council-house—a long, low building, without a floor, except a floor of earth. Two square apertures were cut in the roof, under each of which a fire was burning,—over which two very large iron kettles were suspended, containing corn and beans: around these the Indians and squaws danced with great regularity, each forming by themselves a half circle, or rather half oval; the movement of the Indians was attended by violent gesticulations and stamping of the feet—each one having, around their legs and ankles, strings of the horny shell of the hoofs of those deer they had killed in their late expedition, which made a rattling noise. Their music was in a monotonous strain,

sung by an Indian, who also beat a kind of drum, made by straining a sheep skin over a barrel. The dress of the Indians on this occasion was of a very superior kind. Their heads were ornamented with feathers brilliantly dyed—their leggins and moccasins richly ornamented with beads and porcupine quills. A loose, long shirt of cotton, and a frock coat finished the costume. From their ears were suspended quantities of silver ear-rings, with long drops,—the whole circumference of the ear being perforated to receive them.

“The squaws also wore leggins of red or blue cloth, richly decorated with beads—their moccasins were wrought with the quills of the porcupine; next, a petticoat of blue broad cloth, which, in many cases, was very fine,—over which was worn a loose, short gown of gay chintz. One handsome young squaw had her petticoat ornamented with points of silver broaches ten or twelve inches deep—not merely the outline of the point, but the whole of it filled in with broaches. The broaches varied in size, from that of a dime to a half-dollar, the form being that of a ring with a tongue or pin of the same across it.

“Around the sides of the council-house a sort of rude divan was placed, covered with deer-skins, for the accommodation of the spectators. When

the dance was over, those who had engaged in it were served with the refreshment which had been preparing in the large kettles."

This was the end of the ceremony; and my young friends were all disposed to conclude with me, that it might possibly be connected with the ancient rites of the true religion, and might well excite us to labour, and pray that

—— "the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,"

may be brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

## THE DRUNKEN MOTHER'S CHILD.

A TENDER infant-girl  
Lay in her shroud and coffin :  
Her cheeks were like the pearl,  
For tears had washed them often.  
Ah me ! her lot was sad and wild,—  
She was a drunken mother's child.

Some children seem, when dead,  
As though they were but sleeping ;  
But her eyes, in her head  
Were sunk, as if much weeping  
Had emptied out the fount of life  
In streams of agony and strife.

Her fingers were as thin  
As starving want could make them—  
Mere bones encased in skin—  
The feeblest strain might break them ;  
That wasted form her sorrows told,  
As she lay there so pale and cold.

Her time was short;—who'd wept  
Had time with her been shorter?  
God's love on her was kept—  
He claimed his suffering daughter,—  
His goodness bade the child to die,  
His mercy took her to the sky.

So delicate a flower  
Should have a kindly keeper:—  
Say, who—had he the power—  
Would wake the little sleeper,—  
Recall her from her home above,  
To live where she had none to love?

Oh! quietly she rests,  
In heaven sweetly singing;  
Those hands with joy are pressed  
That, yesterday, were wringing  
In helplessness and utter woe,  
Beneath a mother's cruel blow.

No more she'll shed a tear  
Of bitterness and sorrow,  
Nor tremble with the fear  
Of suffering to-morrow;  
The anguish past that throbbed her breast,  
Her weary soul is now at rest.

### THE PUMP.

THE village of Tiverton is far from the great roads, and is, therefore, little known by travellers. But all who have seen it are agreed that it is one of the pleasantest places in the country. It is an old settlement, and, therefore, differs greatly from many of the pretty towns which have grown up within a few years. The houses are ancient, but many of them are snug and convenient. The street is very wide and very clean, and lined with fine old trees, which make a delightful shade in summer-time. The little river, which runs through Tiverton, turns several mill-wheels, but is not large enough for vessels of any size.

One of the most remarkable objects in the village, and one which seizes the attention of strangers, is the old town-pump, which stands at the west end of the street, near the minister's house. It is an old-fashioned affair, almost worn out in the service of the good people of Tiverton, who have drank of



its delightful water ever since the town was settled. It is kept in repair by the villagers, and is as much a favourite with them, as their famous chestnut-tree, or the steeple of their church. It is pleasant, on a summer morning, just as the sun is peeping, to watch the little clusters which gather, one after another, around the pump. And from that hour until noon, and sometimes till night, you may look out a hundred times, and never see the pump deserted. I have often thought it must be fed by a living spring, and from a capacious reservoir in the neighbouring mountains.

So many people gather around the pump on warm days that it is a favourite talking-place for the villagers. It is to them what a coffee-house is to the people of a town. There they come with pitchers, pails, tubs and buckets, and there they often stay long after they have filled their vessels. The pump is visited by many who have springs or wells in their own yards. They fancy the water is better, and they get a little chat, and hear the news much more freely at the town-pump. The very near neighbours even make free to conduct some of their household operations there, just as if they were in their own areas.

One of the nearest neighbours to the pump, and one of the best women in Tiverton, was Ann

Forbes, a young married woman from Scotland. Her husband was a seafaring man, who left her to take care of herself during a large part of the year. But people used to say that Ann did as well without him as with him, for Eli Forbes was a passionate and an intemperate fellow, and, it was said, did not treat his excellent wife as she deserved ; but this never came from Ann, and perhaps it was not true. However, that may have been ; Ann had a quiet, meek, contented look, and, when her husband came in from sea, she used to put on her best clothes, and take his arm, and go with him to church ; and all the people used to remark what a handsome couple they were.

They had been married two years, and had been in America about eighteen months. In the second summer after they came, a little boy that Providence had given them was taken from them by death. Eli looked very sorry when he came home and heard of it, but he soon forgot it. Ann seldom mentioned the child, but she never passed an hour without thinking of it. If you could have looked into her drawer, next to her mother's psalm book, which she had brought from Scotland with her, you might have seen a little black silk needle-book, and in it a tiny lock of white hair, which she had cut from the head of her Willie when he lay a

corpse upon the bed. Many a solitary hour did poor Ann spend, a stranger in a strange land, during that time of her affliction. She had no companion in her little cottage, except Douce, the dog they brought over with them; and, though she was a wife, she was quite a young woman, and not used to the ways of a new country. Then the neighbours did not always understand her manner of talking,—some smiled, and a few ill-bred persons laughed outright. Yet she well knew that, in her native village, that dialect had sounded sweetly enough in the ears of many a young companion.

The days seemed long while Ann waited for her husband's return from sea. Sometimes she would lie awake, and listen to the howling storm until she trembled. Then she would wake shuddering out of some horrible dream, in which she had seen him swallowed by the waters. But the end of it always was, that she prayed to God most fervently for his safe return, and for his conversion and the salvation of his soul. For Ann had been brought up from her very infancy to believe in God as a hearer of prayer, and to fly to him in every difficulty. In her solitude, the best companion she had was the little Bible with silver clasps, which her aged father gave her on the dock at Greenock, when she was about to leave home for America. Oh,

how many tears trickled down her cheeks, and dropped on the pages of that book! They were not always tears of sorrow; for religion has unspeakable joys to bestow on those who love God; and Ann Forbes often found this to be so when she was spinning by herself, or when she sat and looked out on the pale face of the moon, and thought of her husband, her Scottish kinsfolk, and, last and best, of her God, the maker and upholder of all.

As Ann was returning one morning from the store, she was met by the post-master's wife, who told her that there were two letters for her in the office. She hastened to call for them, and took them home, that she might read them all alone. Before she broke the seal, she was surprised to observe that the direction upon the back was not in the handwriting of her husband. Yet the letters were from a foreign port, where she expected him to be. This troubled her mind, and she opened the first of them with a weak and trembling hand. She had not read far before she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back upon the bed, at the edge of which she had been sitting. Here she lay for some time in a kind of stupor, her breast heaving, and her eyes fixed upon the ceiling. She was unable to go on with the letter. She had read

enough, however, to show her that she was a widow. The letter, from some unknown person, informed her, that her husband had arrived at Valparaiso, in a low state of health, from a violent fever which he had had, and, after lingering some weeks, he had died in a hospital. It is unnecessary to describe the grief of this excellent young woman—the attempt would be fruitless. Her very heart seemed breaking, and all she could do was to lift her streaming eyes to God, and pray for his blessing. If Ann had been like many who suffer the like afflictions, she would have had no resource whatever. But, as I have said, she had been taught from her earliest infancy to see the hand of God in every thing, and to go to him in every trial. She had found the comfort of this in smaller troubles, and now she felt a treasure of relief in submitting herself to God, with entire acquiescence in his adorable will. Ann had not read the whole of the letters which brought her these evil tidings. When she had finished reading them, she received a ray of joy even in the midst of her grief; for she found that her poor husband had died professing faith in Christ, and that the friendly stranger, who had attended on his dying-bed, felt satisfied that his conversion was real. This was joy indeed! Ann threw herself upon her knees, and was overwhelmed

with her sorrows. Though stricken to the heart, she could not but give thanks that God had been pleased, as she hoped, to take him to heaven. The same letter had brought the news of his death and of his salvation. How often she had prayed for this in the long, wearisome nights! How little had she expected this kind of answer to her prayers!

Ann Forbes was so sensible, and so cheerful a woman, that all the neighbours were delighted with her conversation; and when she used to go out of her door to the old town-pump—it was but a step—she was generally the life of the little company assembled there. Not that she gave way to any unseemly mirth, or took part in idle gossip. On the contrary, while, in her prosperous days, she was as happy as the lark, she never forgot what was expected of her as a Christian. She never lost any fair opportunity of speaking a useful word to the young people around her, and her sweet reproofs were often as effectual as those of the minister.

It was with a heavy heart that she went about her work after her bereavement; and the mirth of the youngsters, who gathered near the door, was painful to her. Some of those who came there were ignorant of what had happened, and wondered

at her sadness. While there was much chattering and noise, Ann was heavy-hearted; and, while her hands were employed in preparing some vegetables for her simple meal, her thoughts were far away, over the sea. As she was thus employed, the children got into a romping humour, rather more boisterous than common. Tom and Christopher Perry, the blacksmith's sons, had found a poor boy sleeping in their back shed, and, as they could not very well understand the story that he told, they resolved to have some fun out of him, and so they dragged him to the pump, and were actively engaged in pumping water upon him. In this they were helped by Kate Merrill, a frolicsome, thoughtless girl, who happened to be filling her pitcher at the time, and who was always ready for a game at romps. The task was not very easy, for the strange boy was quite a sturdy fellow for his age, and made vigorous resistance. But then he was hungry and barefoot; and, what is more than all, he was in a strange place. So they succeeded in drenching him thoroughly.

Ann Forbes had scarcely noticed what they were doing until they had nearly accomplished their purpose.

"Kate," said she, "I am really surprised you should join in such proceedings. It is shameful—

it is cruel—to treat a poor stranger so. See! he has neither hat nor shoes, and looks as if he had not a friend in the world.”

“You may well say that,” said the poor fellow, turning round at a voice of kindness, which he was unused to hear; “it is too true—I haven’t a friend in the country.” There was something in the boy’s tones which went to the heart of Ann Forbes, for she recognised at once the dear Scottish accent, which she had, of late years, heard from few except her husband, and she burst into tears.

“What is your name, my lad?” she asked, at length.

“Donald Maclane,” said he.

“And where are you from?”

“From Kilsyth.”

“I thought as much; and how long have you been in America?”

“Three weeks since Tuesday,” he replied;—“there were eighty of us in the steerage of a vessel, and the small-pox broke out among us, and took off my father and my sister, and I’ve nobody in the wide world to look to.”

“You may look to me, my little fellow,” said Ann, “till you find a better friend. Come with me here to my little dwelling, for I dare say you are almost starved.”



Ann immediately took the poor boy to her little dwelling, and prepared something for his breakfast. He ate like one who had been near starvation, and, when he had satisfied his hunger, Ann proceeded to ask him many questions about his native country and his parents. She soon found that Donald, though from Scotland, was very ignorant. He had been greatly neglected. He could read, it is true, but not in such a way as to do him much good. In all that concerned religion he was almost a heathen. He knew little about going to church; he had never been to a Sunday-school; and, what is far worse, he seemed to know nothing about prayer to God. Alas! how many boys and girls are in just this condition in every street of every city in America!

As Ann looked at this homeless creature, her heart was touched with pity. Providence has sent the little fellow to me, thought she, in the time of my affliction, when my heart is softened, in order that I might be a mother to him. Besides, it will be something to occupy my mind. She thought she perceived in his countenance some tokens of intelligence and good nature, and she secretly resolved to befriend him.

"Donald," said she, "how should you like to live here with me, and help me to work?"

The boy's countenance brightened up, and he said:—"Oh, I should be very glad! I have no place to go to. If you will only be good to me, and let me stay, I will do all the work of the house for you."

Ann almost smiled at his eagerness and joy. "I have very little work for you, Donald; but, if you will be a good boy, I have no objection to your staying here. But you must mind all my rules, and be very obedient."

"I will, I will," cried Donald;—"tell me what the rules are."

"You will soon learn them; for they are very simple. Some of them are these:—You must rise early. You must be perfectly clean and tidy. You must never be abroad at meal-times, or after dark. You must never say any bad words, or speak any falsehood. You must learn lessons every day. You must obey me."

"I will be glad enough to do it all," said Donald; "and will you let me stay, sure enough."

"Yes, Donald; and I am going to get some clothes for you, which will be more decent than those rags you have on." She then went, with a sorrowful countenance and with tears in her eyes, to the closets where her husband's clothes were kept. She found many articles among them, which,

with alteration, would be just the thing for Donald ; and, while she was getting them ready, she directed him to give himself a thorough washing and combing.

Ann Forbes had no sooner begun to turn her mind towards providing for this orphan, than she felt her own griefs soothed. It was a recreation, and yet it did not jar with the tender and solemn state of her thoughts. This is a kind of arrangement of Providence, by which the very cares of the bereaved are often made the means of keeping them from absolute despondency.

Ann soon saw a great alteration in her new charge. A clean and whole suit, and a new hat, with a little clipping and smoothing of his tangled locks, and the daily application of cold water in abundance, made such a change, that, when Kate Merril came in, she did not know him to be the same boy. But a greater change took place within. For Donald had come into a new world. The good young woman, who had taken him under her care, and who seemed to him little less than a guardian angel, was a true Christian, and every thing she did had some reference to religion. Every day did she cause this ignorant boy to kneel by her side, and to repeat a prayer to God. Every day he learned by heart some verses of the Bible or of

a psalm ; and, several times every day, he read aloud to her from the Scriptures. She made him a paper-book, and set him copies in writing ; and she hunted up an old slate, and taught him something of figures.

This was not all. She called him up at an early hour every morning, and put him in the way of working. She put an axe into his hands, and showed him how to split the wood for her stove and oven. Then he would attend to the cow and the fowls, bring water, clean the knives, set the table, run upon errands, and, in a variety of ways suited to his age and strength, make himself useful.

At a proper time Ann Forbes conducted Donald to the Sunday-school, and put him under the charge of a faithful and judicious teacher. She also took him with her whenever she went to the house of God. She had become attached to him, as if he had been her own son, and he very properly looked up to her as the best friend he had in the world.

I do not intend to pursue the story. It is enough to say, that the Christian kindness of this young woman to a poor, motherless boy, was the occasion of his becoming a useful citizen, and a good man. He often used to say that the old pump at Tiverton was dear to him, because it had made him acquainted with his best earthly friend. And when,

a few months after, Ann Forbes's father came over from Scotland, and took a little farm in the neighbourhood, Donald went to help him, and, under his care, grew up to be a thrifty and successful farmer.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

### I.

TRANSFORMED as in a twinkling, he became  
All lustre, a serene celestial flame,  
And in oppressive majesty stood high,  
Between two heaven-descended forms, less bright,  
But fair and sunlike, and resembling quite  
What dreams reveal of such as cannot die.

### II.

'Twas the meek Legislator, meek yet stern,  
At whose illumined visage men did turn  
To hide them from the radiance of his brow,  
When from the holy mountain coming down  
He wore reflected glory as a crown,  
And veil'd the beams that did too fiercely glow.

## III.

And with him stood the prophet son of fire,  
Who mocked at Baal, and his minion's ire,  
And, deathless, rode to God in flaming car :  
A saintly pair, fit retinue for one  
Who came not as a servant, but a Son—  
His bloody death foreseeing from afar.

## IV.

'Tis of that death that Exodus they speak  
High words, and mystic, but the sufferer meek  
Doth not reveal the message of the hour,  
And the thrice-honour'd servants may not keep  
Th' unbroken vigil, but in helpless sleep  
Sink, over-master'd by unearthly power.

## V.

They would have watch'd, they would have tented  
there,  
With their Immanuel and the heavenly pair ;—  
They did but babble, and were in amaze.  
The cloud of light becomes their only tent,  
And, when the brief relapse to dreams is spent,  
The Master only meets their ardent gaze.

## VI.

But had no voices burst upon their ear?  
Yea, they had listen'd with delight and fear,  
And caught the sentence of th' eternal Sire,  
Breathing from out the tabernacle dim,  
**THIS IS MY SON BELOVED, HEAR YE HIM:**  
'Twas writ for aye upon their hearts in fire.

## VII.

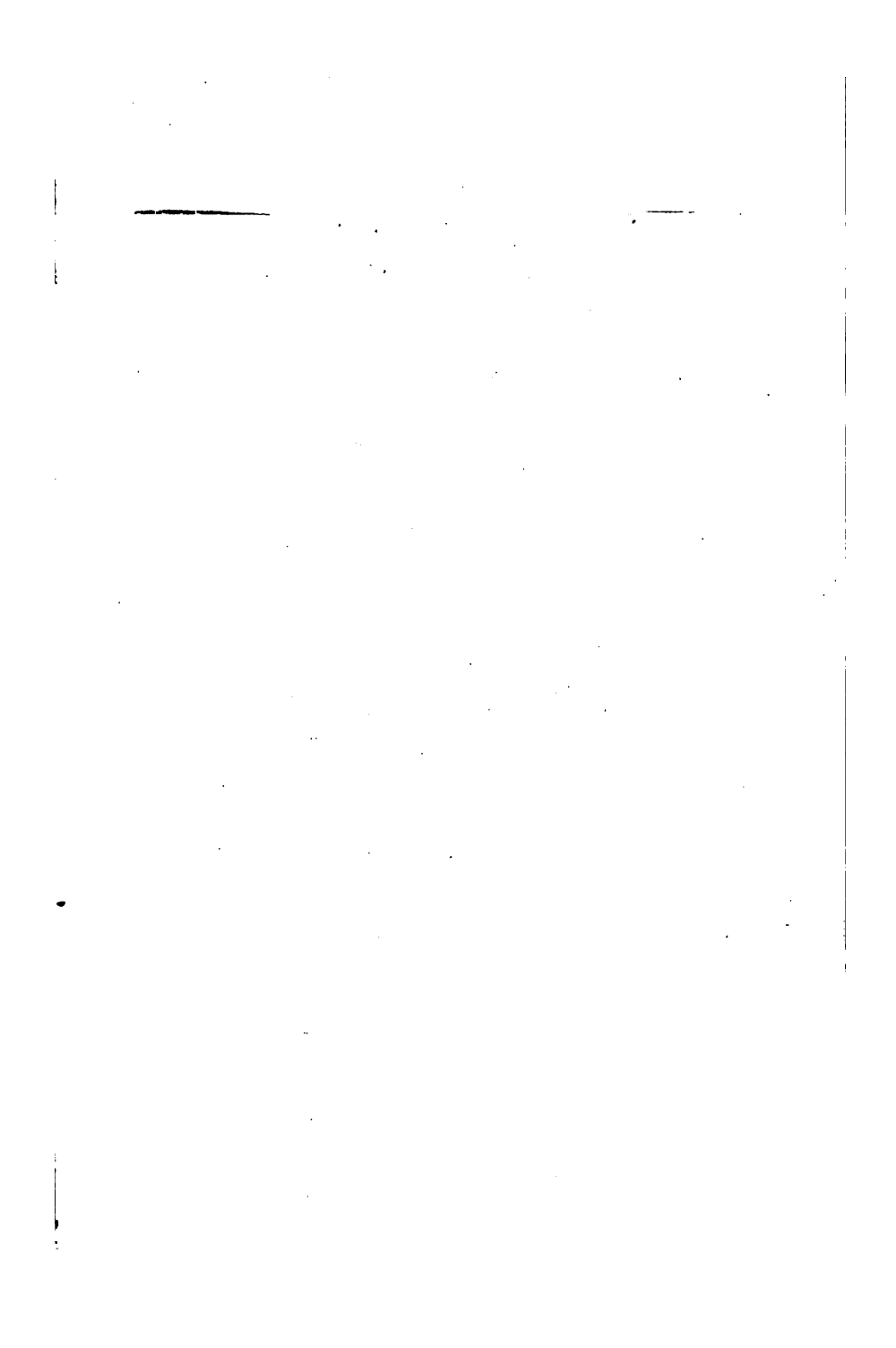
Such as our Jesus seem'd, they see him now,  
Thus cloth'd in light, where martyrs round him  
bow;  
Such shall we see him, when he comes in might,  
With trump angelic, with his cloudy train  
Of countless spirits;—for he comes again,  
Blest apparition, to our longing sight!



## THE GRANDMOTHER.

How striking is the contrast between youth and age. Here is a venerable woman, with a little grandchild reading the Bible to her. Her quiet dignity of manner seems well suited to the solemn truths which we may suppose her to be hearing. Continued sickness and old age, which is itself a long disease, have left their marks on her countenance. Yet it is placid and meek, like that of one who has grown old in the exercises of piety. There are tokens of pain as well as languor in her whole posture, as well as in the expression of her face. The ivory-headed staff, which leans against the table, tells us that the old lady is lame. The little box, placed within her reach, is supplied with favourite lozenges for her racking cough. Good Mrs. Morley—she has not crossed the threshold of her cottage for more than three years.

The house in which she lives is much older than herself—indeed, it is the very one in which she was born, and into which she received her young husband, Kit Morley, the boatswain, sixty years



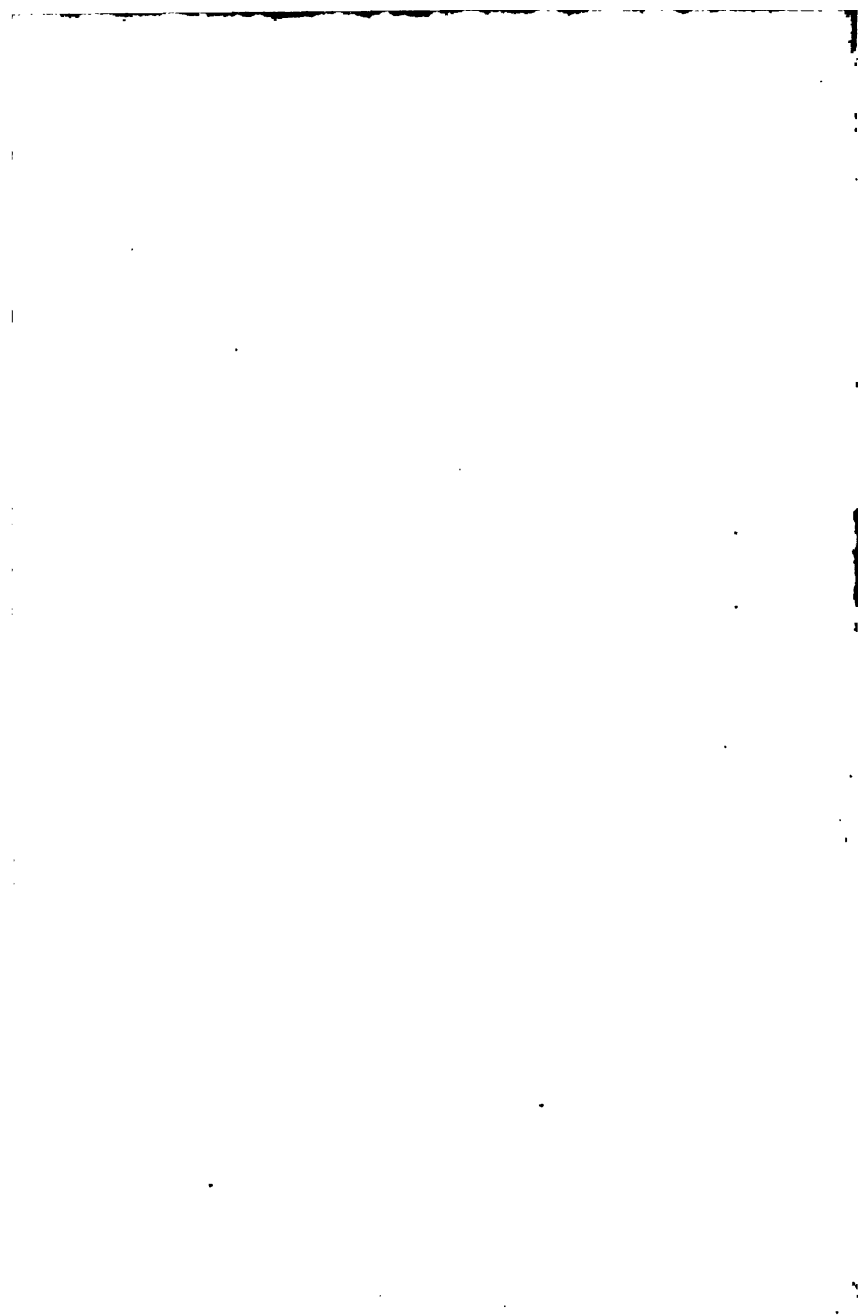




ANN II.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

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ago. On the gable-end, towards the garden, you may see the year when it was built marked in the glazed bricks, 1699. It has but one story, and contains two rooms besides the kitchen. You may look into the kitchen through the half-door.

The chair in which Mrs. Morley sits is not like those which we commonly see in poor people's houses. It is an arm-chair of black-walnut wood, with a high, carved back, and it was brought over from England, by her husband, fifty years ago. She has sat in it almost constantly for a long time past.

Mrs. Morley's only companion is her little grandchild, Agnes. This little girl's father was the only son of the old lady. The little creature has been an orphan ever since she was two years old, and her grandmother is the only parent she can remember. You may observe in her countenance a little of that pensive sobriety caused by living entirely with an infirm and aged person. Agnes has never had any little playmates. All her days have been spent in her grandmother's cottage, and in the little garden and meadow. The old lady has been so decrepit most of the time, that little Agnes has had to do many things which you would consider above her age; for she loves this dear old grandmother, and delights to be serviceable to her. The

geranium, which stands in the sunny window-seat, is her particular charge. It was her mother's. Agnes can already do a good deal towards getting breakfast, and can sweep and dust the room as well as any body.

Day after day does this pale, fair-haired little girl sit on her bench, and read the Bible to her grandmother; while the old lady is in a pleasing reverie, from which she now and then breaks into an explanation. The volume in which she reads is the same which her grandmother used when she was young. It is stoutly bound in black leather, and has brass plates at the corners. It is almost the only book that Agnes knows any thing about; and she does not need any other. Its histories are engraved on her memory, and yet she reads them again and again; for there are many parts of the Bible that children love to read over and over. The great men of old times are like neighbours and near acquaintances to little Agnes. She loves to talk with her grandmother about the days before the flood, when men used to live to be near a thousand years old. She still shudders when she comes to the sacrifice of Isaac, lest, after all, the knife should go into his breast. The tear starts in her eye when she thinks of the distresses of Joseph, and when the cup is found in Benjamin's

sack. She never tires of reading about the departure out of Egypt, and the manna, and the taking of Jericho; and she trembles at the sin and doom of Achan. All these things are fresh and delightful to the mind of this child, because her taste has never been depraved by reading novels or foolish story-books.

But it is the New Testament history which gives her the greatest pleasure. If her grandmother did not check her, she would read all the afternoon about the Lord Jesus Christ. She feels as if she had seen him and known him, and, though she never asked herself whether she is converted or not, her little heart is full of love to this blessed Saviour. The history of his birth, the song of the angels, the star in the East, the murder of the children, the flight into Egypt, all are familiar to her; and, as to the account of our Lord's last sufferings and death, she can scarcely read them without tears.

Agnes knows by heart the whole Sermon on the Mount, and other portions of Scripture, and she and her grandmother have many pleasant conversations about divine things. She has been brought up at such a distance from the world, that she thinks more about what is in the Bible, than about any thing else. Hence, she has not that horror of



death, which most persons have. She hopes to see her blessed Saviour and all good people, and knows that the other world is far better and happier than this. The minister is often astonished at the conversation of this little girl, and the neighbours shake their heads and say, "she is not long for this world."

We have spoken of the striking contrast between the bloom and the decay of life.

It is interesting to see childhood and old age, side by side, and both made happy by the spirit of the gospel. Mrs. Morley is in a situation which many would think wretched, and yet she is very happy, because she has the love of God shed abroad in her heart. True, she is old and weak and poor. There is no day in which she does not suffer acute pain. Her friends and relatives are almost all dead and gone. She has no wealthy connections, no fine clothes, no rich food, no carriages, or furniture, or money. She has none of the things which worldly people think necessary to their comfort, yet she is happy. She has treasure in heaven, and her heart is there. Her best friend is there—the friend that sticketh closer than a brother—and she hopes soon to see him. One of her favourite texts is, *I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep*

*that which I have committed to him against that day.* 2 Timothy, i. 12.

As long as she was able, this aged believer used to go to the house of God. Her language was, *I have loved the habitations of thy house and the place where thine honour dwelleth.* At length it became impossible for her to walk so far, or even to be carried. The tears would sometimes come into her eyes, on the Lord's day morning, as she saw the people going by to church. Alas! how many of those who went were entirely destitute of the interest in the worship, which was felt by this afflicted woman! At such times she would say, "My child, it is not the Lord's will that I should go to his earthly sanctuary, but we may worship him here. Come and read me the forty-second psalm." And then her grandchild, with a sweet, gentle voice, would read:

*As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?*

"Oh, my child, I feel those words, and those which follow, and those in the next psalm. My comfort is in the closing words:—*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God: for I shall*

*yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.*

\* \* \* \* \*

But let me pass on to a period somewhat later than that intended in our picture.

One pleasant summer evening, when Agnes had been reading about the way that Christ talked with his disciples after his resurrection, she looked up suddenly from the book and said, "Grandmother, are you afraid to die?"

The old lady gently smiled, and said, as she smoothed down the child's flaxen hair, "My child, I have suffered much from fears of death; but I thank the Lord that he has delivered me from them in a great measure. I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ. I wish to lay down this poor body, and to see that blessed Saviour, whom I have long been trying to serve."

Agnes was thoughtful a little while, and then said, "Grandmother, I hope I shall be in heaven with you; and then I shall see my own dear mother, and all the good people that I have read about in the Bible.

Such was the thought of this simple-hearted child. There was no affectation or hypocrisy.

She had no notion that there was any thing to be proud of in so natural a wish. It had pleased God to make her the companion of an eminent believer, and to keep her free from all evil example. And, though, like others, she inherited a corrupt nature, it seemed as if grace had, at a very early age, taken possession of her heart, and purified it in a remarkable degree.

"I think you have been reading long enough, my dear," said Mrs. Morley; "you have looked pale all day; go into the garden, and play about a little among the pleasant flowers. I am afraid this staying in the house will do you harm. It would be sad indeed if you were to lose your health by waiting on a poor, old, good-for-nothing body like me."

"I love to wait upon you, grandmother."

"I know you do, Agnes, and I love you for it; but you must take care of yourself, that you may be able to do the more good after I am dead and gone."

"Oh, grandmother, who will take care of me, when you are dead and gone?"

"The Lord will provide, my child."

Agnes went out among the flowers, and gathered a beautiful nosegay for her grandmother. In the meantime, the old lady sat gazing upon the evening

light, which brake in behind her through the western window, and played upon the opposite wall. She mused on many things, but chiefly on what the child had said. I am soon to leave the world, thought she, and, it is true enough, the poor little orphan has no one on earth to depend upon.

It was not long before Agnes ran in with her nosegay, and, leaning on her grandmother's arm, said, "Oh, grandmother, shall I tell you what I thought while I was picking the roses?"

"Yes, my child, let me hear it."

"Well, then, I will tell you, it came into my mind all at once, that perhaps I shall die before you."

Mrs. Morley looked earnestly at the little girl, and was very much disturbed. "It is possible, Agnes; we never know when we shall be called; but it is not very likely. However, let us both say, the will of the Lord be done!" But the thought was too painful for her, and, even while she spoke, she observed more particularly the clear whiteness of the child's cheek, the pearly look of her teeth, and the uncommon brilliancy of her eyes. All these are the beautiful signs of a stealthy and fatal disease. Aged as I am, said Mrs. Morley to herself, I may live to be bereaved; and then it is *I* who shall be the orphan.

Early the next morning, the old lady sent one of the school children to ask Dr. Marsden to call in. The doctor was one of her old friends, and a pious and sensible man. He was fond of Agnes, and attended upon her in her indispositions, as he had done upon her mother during her last illness. He was quite alarmed at the appearance of the child, whom he had not seen for a month before, and recommended abundance of fresh air and gentle exercise. He also said that she must not read aloud so much. It is hard to say to which of the two, grandmother or child, this was the greater trial. But they both submitted, and endeavoured to acquiesce in the will of God.

Doctor Marsden often called, and took Agnes out in his chaise. During these pleasant drives along the river and to the shores of the bay, he was surprised and delighted at her knowledge of the Scriptures, and the simple innocence of her character. She seemed to him to be already a little heavenly creature, too fair and too frail for so rude a climate as ours. Truly of *such*, said he, is the kingdom of heaven.

Every day Agnes grew worse in body and happier in soul, and what she had fancied in the garden seemed more and more likely to prove true. Perhaps she had observed that rose-buds are plucked

as well as roses. Yet she did not know that she was sinking so fast, and was chiefly concerned about her aged grandmother, who grew weaker and weaker every day, until at length she could no longer leave her bed. This decay was no doubt hastened by her anxiety about the little girl. It soon became necessary for the doctor's nieces to stay all the time at the cottage.

Why should I dwell on the painful part of my story? At length the rose-bud was plucked by the Master of the garden, who has a right to every flower. Late one night in November, Agnes breathed her last in the arms of Phebe Marsden. Her last words were, *Come, Lord Jesus!* And not ten days after, her aged grandmother fell asleep in Christ, with the words of Stephen on her dying lips, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!*

**CHRISTIAN UNION.**

**FREE, yet in chains, the mountains stand—  
The valleys, linked, run through the land ;  
In fellowship the forests thrive,  
And streams from streams their strength derive.**

**The cattle graze in flocks and herds—  
In choirs and concerts sing the birds—  
Insects by millions ply the wing,  
And flowers in peaceful armies spring.**

**All nature is society—  
All nature's voices harmony—  
All colours blend to form pure light—  
Why, then, should Christians not unite ?**

**Thus to the Father prayed the Son,  
“One may they be as we are one,  
That I in them and thou in me,  
They one with us may ever be.”**



Children of God, combine your bands—  
Brethren of Christ, join hearts and hands—  
And pray,—for so the Father willed,—  
That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled :

Fulfilled in you ; fulfilled in all,  
That on the name of Jesus call ;  
And every covenant of love  
They bind on earth be bound above.

J. M.

*Sheffield.*

## THE WATER OF LIFE.

"Come, children," said Mrs. Maxwell, as she entered the room where they were amusing themselves, "come. The afternoon is cool and pleasant; put on your bonnets, and we will take our walk. Are you ready, my little Emily?" This question was addressed to a sweet child about six years old, who was quietly dressing her doll; but when her mother spoke, she jumped up quickly, and eagerly catching her hand, lisped, "Yes, yes, dear mother, Emily's all ready."

"And you, Mary and Julia," continued Mrs. Maxwell, turning to two young girls, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. "You do not seem quite as eager for your walk as usual: what are you reading that interests you so much?"

"It is a fairy tale, mother," said Julia, looking up from the book which she and her sister were reading; "it is a fairy tale brother Edward left behind yesterday, when he went back to boarding-

school. It is very interesting. There is no harm in reading it, is there, mother?"

"Perhaps you might be more profitably employed," returned their mother; "but I can tell you better when I have heard the story."

"Well, mother," said Mary, looking up in her turn, "we are almost at the end. Let us finish these two or three pages if you please, and then we will go. We can tell you the story as we go along."

"Very well, girls," said their mother; "I will help Emily dress her doll, for she seems quite delighted with her new playmate." Emily brought her doll to her mother, who, entering with all a parent's sympathy into the feelings of her child, dressed the little image with much taste, and then giving it to Emily, she sat by while she rocked it to sleep in the cradle.

"We are ready now," said her two elder children, as they laid aside their book; "we have finished the story, dear mother, and now for our walk, if you please."

It was a lovely afternoon in the early part of summer, and all nature was full of beauty. Mrs. Maxwell left the house, having Emily by the hand, while Mary and Julia, with their arms around each other, sauntered on before.

Mrs. Maxwell had long been a widow, and her four children were the strong ties which bound her to earth. Dear, both for their own sakes, and for that of their departed parent. She had devoted herself entirely to their education and happiness—amply repaid by the blessings which seemed to follow her efforts, and by the fond affection which they ever manifested for her and for each other. Often had they listened while their mother described to them the happiness of heaven, and told them how much of it consisted in kind feelings and affectionate intercourse among its bright inhabitants. Often had they heard her speak of their Creator, and tell them that their God is Love, and if they were His children they must manifest His spirit. And still oftener had their young eyes glistened with mournful, though pleasant tears, as she dwelt upon the love of Christ—in suffering and dying, for the guilty race of man.

With this bright example of love and forgiveness before them, Mrs. Maxwell's children seemed, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, gradually to attain so much of the Christian grace of gentleness; and though they, like all other children, would do wrong too often, yet they generally came to their mother and with tears of penitence confessed their faults, and while with grateful hope Mrs. Maxwell

watched these fair promises of improvement, she was encouraged by them to more ardent prayer, and more earnest effort.

Edward, her only son and oldest child, was now about sixteen, and had been for some months at a boarding school near by. His kind and affectionate temper made him beloved by all who knew him, and filled his mother's heart with joy, while his sisters doated upon the dear, kind brother, who never teased them, never was out of patience; but was always ready to help them in every trouble—and really seemed to find greater pleasure in making them happy, than in the gratification of any wish of his own. This influence was always exerted for their good, and when Edward spoke to them of the joy of doing what was right, and being able to look to God as their Father, they often breathed in their young hearts an earnest prayer, for the help of His Holy Spirit.

Little Emily, who was only six years old, was almost too young to give any token of understanding what her brother said on these subjects. Yet when, upon a Sunday afternoon, he would take the Bible, and showing her the pictures, explain their meaning, Emily would listen with deep interest, and utter a childish promise to "try and be good." After having thus shown how Edward conducted

himself, I need hardly add, that he himself sought daily, earnestly and perseveringly the help of the Holy Spirit—for true goodness is the fruit of His influence alone. There was nothing he desired so ardently as to do right, nothing which filled his heart with so much bitter regret as doing wrong—and every day while he sought for temporal blessings, and asked for protection against temporal evils, his most fervent prayer was always uttered for the grace of God to keep him from sin, and aid him in knowing the truth and walking in the path of duty.

Mary and Julia when they found the book they had noticed in Edward's trunk, left on the parlour table, had taken it up to look at it, and becoming soon deeply interested, had read on, believing their mother would not be unwilling that they should read any book that Edward might have in his possession. This was not a fair inference, for Edward being several years older than themselves, with a character far more mature and steadfast, and with a taste for useful reading, might well have been trusted with books that his sisters would be unwise to read. They did not know that their brother had borrowed this book merely to take a sketch of the engravings, while he had scarcely glanced at the stories which filled its pages, or they

would have followed their usual plan of taking every book to their mother, and asking her permission. What might have been the result in this case I will not undertake to say—but in the present instance they had read the story with the deepest interest, and were talking it eagerly over as they pursued their walk.

They had opened a little gate and entered into the cool thick wood, where the birds were flitting among the boughs, singing their sweet songs. Passing on through the wood, they followed the narrow but well trodden path which led them to the banks of a beautiful pond. Here the trees became somewhat scattered, shading without encumbering a soft verdant lawn, which sloped down to the water's edge. This was the spot where they often passed one or two pleasant hours of a summer's afternoon, and even little Emily knew it well. Quitting her mother's side, with a light heart and smiling face, she ran to pick some flowers which grew wild at the foot of a fine old tree, and was soon busily occupied in chasing a butterfly that flew by her again and again, while all her efforts to catch the bright winged creature were in vain. Mrs. Maxwell seated herself at the foot of a wide-spreading old oak.

"Well, mother," said Mary, "we have been

talking over our fairy tale, and I begin to wonder that it amused me so much, since I knew all the time it could not be true."

"It was very pretty though," interrupted Julia, whose vivid imagination rendered her more full of such reading than her sister.

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Maxwell.

"Oh, I could not tell you the whole story, mother," replied Julia eagerly, as she became excited by the recollection, "for it was too long to remember all of it."

"Perhaps Mary can," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Come, tell if you can, Mary," said Julia, laughing. "Mother wants to hear the sound of your voice I suppose, for you know she says I always speak ten words to your one."

Mrs. Maxwell smiled, as she replied, "You must own, however, Julia, that two thirds of the talking is generally done by you."

"It is not always my fault, mother, for Mary often makes me speak for her and myself too. She wants me to tell this story now, but I will be listener to-day come what will, and you can tell Edward in your next letter, mother, that I am learning to be silent."

"He will be glad to hear it," said Mrs. Maxwell. "I will certainly send him word, if you



make any progress, and will tell him too, that Mary is learning to talk, if she will give any evidence of it."

"Julia can tell a story better than I can," said Mary, mildly, "and that is the reason why I always like to hear her."

"Suppose you try this time, however," said her mother, "and first, what was your fairy tale called?"

"The WATER OF LIFE," replied Mary.

"And what was this Water of Life good for?" asked her mother.

"Oh! it was very wonderful!" interrupted Julia, eagerly, but she hesitated as she caught her mother's eye, and marked her meaning smile. "Edward would say, I did not improve very fast, I know, but there is nothing like trying, so go on, dear Mary."

"Once upon a time," said Mary, "as all stories begin, there lived an old king, who had three sons. After a long while, this king was taken sick, and his children began to fear that he would die. As they were all very fond of their father, the prospect distressed them very much, and one day they were mourning together over his danger, when he told them, that far away in a distant country there was a fountain of fresh pure water, called the

‘Water of Life,’ which had the wonderful power of restoring the sick to health, and of changing the most odious face into a beautiful one. Now the three princes had a young cousin, who was very sensible and graceful, but whose face was exceedingly ugly; and when they heard of this water, they determined to set out in search of it, that, if possible, they might have the pleasure of making their father well, and rendering their cousin (whom they all loved) beautiful. Away therefore they all started, and pursued their journey together, till they came to a place where three roads met. Here, while they were hesitating, a deformed dwarf appeared to them, and asked them ‘what they were looking for?’ The two elder princes would not give him any answer, but the youngest replied immediately, that they wished to find the ‘Water of Life,’ but did not know which road to take. ‘You must pursue the one on your right,’ said the dwarf, and turned away. But when he had gone, the eldest brother declared he would take the road on the left, which led up a steep hill, where he saw many people crowding towards a bright temple, which shone on the top. The second prince resolved to take the middle road, which seemed broad and pleasant, shaded by dark green trees, and adorned with many flowers—but the youngest

determined to follow the dwarf's advice, and accordingly took the right hand road, though its entrance was strait and narrow. It did not appear quite as inviting at first as the one his second brother had taken, but the young prince found as he went on, it became more agreeable, and he pursued his direct and onward way with a cheerful hope, and a happy heart.

"The eldest, as he journeyed onward, found the hill becoming even steeper than it had appeared at first, and many an unexpected obstacle opposed his progress; while wearied with the glare of the noon-day sun, he longed for some cool and quiet resting place—but in vain. Occasionally as he thought of the pleasant and inviting path his second brother had chosen, he felt tempted to envy him his road, and at times was almost inclined to turn back and pursue it with him. But then he thought of the obstacles he had already overcome, and fixing his eye on the glittering summit of the hill, persuaded himself that a temple so bright and gorgeous, would very probably be found on the road to the Water of Life. As to his youngest brother, the path he had selected appeared so utterly uninviting, and was so entirely secluded from his notice, that he never gave it a thought, except to wonder that a noble and gallant prince should ever dream of

choosing such a course, or hope to find so narrow and untrodden a path, terminate as he wished. And thus thinking, he pressed onwards with unwearied energy, though the obstacles which opposed his career seemed constantly to increase rather than diminish.

“The second brother too went onwards, and for a while was in raptures with the path he had selected. He looked upwards to the steep hill his eldest brother was ascending, and smiled to think of the vain effort he was making. ‘As to such a troublesome and disagreeable road leading to the object of our search, I do not believe it,’ thought he; ‘it is far more likely this happy path will conduct me safe to my journey’s end. The stream, they tell me, will not only give beauty and health, but happiness also, it is therefore extremely probable the road conducting to it should be a fair and pleasant one.’ And most certainly did he find it delightful for a while. The sky above was bright and beautiful, the trees around him afforded a cool shade, and before he had gone very far a gentle rivulet was seen winding its way amid the wood, while its soft murmur fell pleasingly on his ear. Birds of glittering plumage darted by, fruits of most inviting appearance, and most delicious taste, hung from every bough, and flowers of the richest hues

were blossoming around. Nothing could be better adapted to the taste of the young prince, who, yielding himself up to the full enjoyment of the scene, banished from his mind all recollection of the dwarf's advice, and every lingering doubt as to the direction of the road he had chosen. 'Whether I am right or not, however,' thought he, laughing, 'it does not much matter. I don't see but I am as well off at any rate. Health and happiness I now possess—and as to beauty, why I have quite enough of it. It does not much matter who conveys the 'Water of Life' to my father and cousin, provided they get it—and I would far rather enjoy myself here, and let it be found by one of my brothers, than take the trouble it costs them. Every one to his taste, I am for enjoyment.' And on he went, eagerly plucking the flowers, and feasting on the fruits that courted his grasp.

The youngest brother meanwhile had quietly continued on his way, disregarding the obstacles which from time to time presented themselves, and avoiding the contemplation of his brothers, lest the glittering brightness of the temple, or the pleasant beauty of the road, should tempt him to join the one or the other. As he proceeded, however, his own path became more and more inviting. Fewer thorns sprang up around—the sky became brighter

—the grass greener, and many a sweet flower, he had never seen elsewhere, cheered his sight, and invited him onwards. And now as he glanced towards the paths his brothers had taken, he no longer felt inclined to envy them ; for clouds and darkness seemed gathering around. The temple lost its brightness, and the pleasant road no longer seemed alluring. He turned, and gazed on his own pathway, and in his heart gratefully thanked the dwarf for his advice. Had he seen the termination of their career, he would have been still more thankful. His eldest brother persevered till he reached the summit, though the road grew constantly more steep and narrow, and often he was on the point of losing his footing, and falling over the side of the precipice. At last he reached the temple ; he stood before the golden door ; when just as he was about to open it, a rival, who had eagerly pressed behind him, and who had frequently sought to hinder him in his ascent, now springing to the summit, pushed him aside, and without a moment's delay, entered the temple. Unable to regain his footing, the unhappy prince staggered back, and falling over the side of the mountain, was dashed amid the rocks beneath.

“ The second brother went for a long time gaily onwards, and though when he beheld, as the path

he was pursuing permitted him to do, the lamentable fate of his eldest brother, he felt a sensation of grief and horror, that for a while cast a gloom over every thing around ; yet he soon banished it from his mind, and yielded himself anew to the influence of the beauties which were around him. He found many others, who like himself expected the road would conduct them to the water of life, though they gave themselves very little anxiety about it ; the chief reason why they wished for it, being its supposed power of shielding them from sorrow ; and as they scarcely realized amid their present enjoyments, that they were exposed to any danger in that respect, their desires to gain the ' Water of Life ' were very faint. Gay, trifling, and eager for enjoyments, the prince for a while was enchanted with their society, but as they proceeded, he found they were perfectly indifferent to the happiness of any one but themselves, and would bitterly contend for any flower or fruit which either happened to desire. It was very true he did the same, but he felt discontented in so doing, and his mind sometimes turned to his younger brother. He thought of his uniform generosity and kindness, till he almost wished their lot had been cast together. At times he caught a glimpse of the youthful prince journeying cheerfully onward, and

at some moments he felt tempted to join him, but they were separated by a rocky ridge, covered with briers, through which it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have penetrated. He therefore continued his way; but the song of the birds, which had at first seemed so sweet, now sounded monotonously to his ear. He became wearied of the flowers he had before admired, and, satiated with the fruits he had plucked, he no longer enjoyed their flavour. Disappointed and discontented he now began earnestly to desire the 'Water of Life,' but in proportion as this desire strengthened, his doubts as to the road increased, and often he regretted his hasty choice. Meanwhile the sky grew dark, and the thunder began to roll heavily over his head; he looked around for shelter, but none was nigh; and while seeking in vain for some place of refuge, the rain began to come down in torrents. The flowers were beaten to the earth—the birds ceased their song—his gay companions were all engrossed in self-preservation, and the unhappy prince, despairing at last of finding any comfort in his present pathway, determined if possible to find his way to his brother. When they first separated, the hedge seemed so thin that he had fancied it would be an easy matter to join him. As he went on, it had become thicker, but he



had not noticed it, and when the wish to break through first arose in his mind, and led him to regard it with attention, he found it so thick, thorny and rugged, that he could not summon resolution enough to attempt it. Now, however, reduced to despair and thoroughly disgusted with the road he was pursuing, he thought nothing could be worse than his present situation, which he determined to change at all risks. He struggled for a long time in vain; his face and hands were torn and bleeding, while the rain poured furiously upon him: still he persevered, resolved no longer to continue in his present route, and animated by the glimpse he now and then caught of his brother, to whom the storm did not seem to extend.

“We will thus leave him struggling with difficulties, and return to the youngest prince. He had gladly and cheerfully pursued his way, in his heart thanking the dwarf for his advice. Every thing around was lovely, and shed a calm and gentle influence over his soul. Occasional obstacles seemed to obstruct his way, but they were constantly becoming fewer in number, and less difficult to be overcome. At last a welcome view met his sight. A bright and beautiful fountain, half hidden amid the trees, was yet plainly visible in the distance, glancing in the sunlight. The

prince forgot all sense of fatigue, and pressed eagerly onward. He soon obtained a clearer view of the beautiful spring, which, issuing from a rock, fell sparkling over its rugged sides. He could hear the murmur of its waters; he could see the bright-winged birds flying over it, while their sweet melody enchanted his ear; and he was hastening forward, when suddenly the dwarf stood before him.

“ ‘You have taken my advice, prince,’ said he, ‘and though the road was not so pleasant at first, I suppose you do not now regret your choice.’

“ ‘No indeed, my kind friend,’ replied the other, ‘on the contrary, I have often thanked you in my heart for your counsel, and I am delighted to have an opportunity of doing so now.’

“ ‘You will certainly succeed in your undertaking, if you are careful and fearless,’ continued the dwarf; ‘for yonder fountain is indeed the ‘Water of Life,’ and you may have the pleasure of restoring your father to health, your cousin to beauty, and filling your own heart as well as theirs with the most lasting happiness, such is the wonderful nature of the spring. But you have yet one danger to encounter, and I come to put you upon your guard. The road will soon lead you to a thick grove. Lurking there, is a fierce lion, who

has devoured many an unguarded traveller. Do not fancy yourself safe, till you taste those pure waters—and from the first moment of entering the grove, watch warily. Be every instant on your guard. Let the slightest noise alarm you. Have some weapon ready in your hand, and when the fierce beast shall spring forward to attack you, as he certainly will, defend yourself fearlessly. If you become terified, and attempt to retreat, I cannot insure your safety, but if you act with courage, I will promise that you shall not perish in the combat, and even if wounded, the ‘Water of Life’ will soon heal you. Farewell. Remember my directions. Obey them and be happy. Your elder brother is no more, but on your homeward way, you will meet with your second brother, weak and wounded, sick and weary ; to him too the ‘Water of Life’ will bring health and peace. Once more farewell,’ and as he spoke he turned quickly round and disappeared. The prince continued his course with increased watchfulness, and unabated courage, and even when he entered the grove, and looked cautiously on every side as he advanced, his step faltered not, nor did his heart fail him. Still he went onward, yet saw nothing to alarm him—the shade was cool and pleasant, while the bright sun just glanced here and there through the thick

foliage ; the very air seemed more soft and balmy in this lovely spot, and the prince would scarcely believe danger could lurk there. ' Yet the dwarf has not deceived me hitherto,' thought he ; ' he evidently knows much more about the place than I do, and at any rate it is well to be cautious.' So again he glanced his eye carefully around, and continued his career. Suddenly a slight rustling among the bushes startled him. Had he not been exceedingly watchful, it would probably have been unheeded, but now pausing for a moment, while he gazed eagerly in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he saw (or fancied he saw) two gleaming eyes amid the dark green bushes. Grasping his sword more firmly, he advanced a step towards the thicket, when a wild roar rent the air, and the next moment a fierce lion came bounding towards him. He was however perfectly prepared for the encounter, and stepping hastily aside he avoided the fatal spring, while at the same moment he plunged his sword into the monster's side. The animal turned to renew the attack, but, already severely wounded, he was the less to be dreaded, and one or two further efforts gave the prince the victory. A few more steps led him out of the grove, and the beautiful fountain was before him. The ' Water of Life,' pure and clear, sparkled in

the sunlight of heaven, while the sound of the stream as it fell into the rocky basin beneath, was melody to his ear. Never had he listened to any thing so sweet, as the music of the birds around, never had he beheld colours half so bright as those which dyed their glittering wings. Every breath of the soft air came laden with the fragrance of flowers, and the very sense of existence was happiness. The prince darted eagerly forward, and kneeling down on the rich green turf, stooped and drank of the mysterious water. A calm sweet peace, which he had never known before, was diffused through his soul. Lovely as the scene had before appeared, it now seemed still more beautiful, from the emotions which filled his heart; and for a few moments in the fulness of his joy, every thing else was forgotten. But in a short time his thoughts went back to those he loved, and new emotions of happiness were awakened as he remembered what benefit the water was to confer upon them. With a light step and a lighter heart, he filled a vessel, and turned his steps homeward. The path now seemed perfectly delightful, and the obstacles he had formerly met with, were past unnoticed. One incident only occurred that is worthy of being mentioned, and this was the meeting with his brother. As he pursued his way, he looked

earnestly around, fearing lest he might pass him unawares. A low groan caught his ear. It proceeded from the thick hedge which bounded his path. Turning immediately towards the spot, he called aloud, and was answered by his brother, breathing his name in a faint, and almost inaudible tone. Parting the bushes, which were by no means as thick or thorny on this side as on the other, he there found his unhappy brother in a condition requiring his utmost sympathy. His clothes were rent in pieces, his hands and face torn by the briers through which he had forced his way; and a serpent, on whom he had trodden, had struck his fangs into his leg. It was this which rendered him unable to proceed; the poison had penetrated his system, and life seemed departing. With tears of pity, the youngest prince knelt beside him; he bathed his wounds with the water, and then presented the delicious draught to his lips. The torments of his body ceased, while peace and joy invigorated his heart. With unfeigned gratitude and increased affection he embraced his preserver; and while they pursued together their homeward steps, they beguiled the way with a mutual account of their adventures. When they reached their father's palace, the magic water was produced, their father restored to health, while their sweet

cousin was rendered as beautiful in features and person, as she was before lovely and intelligent in her character."

"Well done, Mary," exclaimed Julia, laughing. "Now do stop and take breath while I talk a little. Mother, did I ever hold my tongue so long before."

"You are an impudent prattler, most certainly," returned her mother. "I am very much afraid that tongue of yours will get you into great trouble some day or other."

"It very often does, as it is, mother," answered Julia, half gaily, half sadly; "for I say a dozen wrong things sometimes to one that is right."

"Mother," said Mary, earnestly looking up, "I think I do try to be good, and I do pray for the help of God, yet I find it very hard to do right."

"Do you mean, my child, that you find it hard to love the God who made you—the Saviour who died for you?"

"No, mother," replied Mary, while tears came into her eyes, "I think I *do* love them; but I find it so hard often to obey the will of God, and do right."

"Alas! my child!" exclaimed her mother; "you only feel what the best and wisest have ever felt. We are by nature inclined to consult our

own inclinations, whether they are right or wrong; and when the law of God condemns them, it is very painful to deny ourselves, and obey His will."

"But must it always be so?"

"Not always, Mary. If you are patient and persevere, using every means to improve your own character, while you depend upon God to render those means effectual, you will find 'your labour shall not be in vain.' Even in this world, you will find sin becoming less powerful and virtue more lovely. You will find duty easier and more delightful. You must daily deny yourself, and take up your cross, if you would follow your Redeemer; but the time will come when you shall reap the full reward of your efforts. Seek in this world to 'walk as a child of the light,' and in your Father's house on high you shall be made perfect, and serve Him forever."

"It is a long time to wait, mother," said Julia.

"The husbandman soweth the seed, and hath long patience for it," replied Mrs. Maxwell. "You yourself know, Julia, when you have planted the seeds in your flower garden, that you do not feel wearied or discouraged because they do not come up immediately; on the contrary, you continue to water the ground, and wait in patient hope.



Will you not then do the same for yourself? Will you not use every means of improvement, and trust in God for His blessing? You will receive it daily—constantly; and in due season you shall reap a more abundant harvest ‘if you faint not.’ Only seek for the ‘Water of Life,’ my dear child, as earnestly as the young prince did, and believe me you shall derive benefits from it, greater than he ever knew.”

“What do you mean, dear mother?” asked her daughter much surprised.

“There is a fountain, my dear girl, whose waters possess a more wonderful power than those which the prince found. They can heal the worst sickness, even the disease of sin—the sickness of the soul; they can remove the deformity of guilt, the hideousness of a depraved nature, and render the soul truly beautiful—they bestow happiness—they give us that peace the world gives not, and cannot take away. There are dangers attending the path; there is a ‘roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;’ temptations, too, often delude the traveller from his way; worldly honour courts him, and he seeks to gratify his ambition. Pleasure invites, and he listens to her call. Like the second brother he treads the flowery path; happy if like him, he is at last brought back,

though faint and wounded, to the right way—to the living waters.”

“Mother, dear mother,” said Mary eagerly, “tell me what you do mean?”

“Have you not heard, my dear child, of the river of the water of life, pure as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb? Have you not heard every one who thirsteth invited to the waters, and whosoever will, bidden freely to partake of that blissful fountain?”

“Yes, mother, yes! I know now—the influences of God’s Spirit are like that pure water—they wash the soul from guilt—they make us truly lovely and happy. Satan, like the lion, seeks to destroy us; the world tempts us away—but the Bible guides us thither—and we may drink of the waters. Is it not so, dear mother? Am I not right?”

“You are right, my love,” replied her mother, tenderly. “Will you not ask, and receive them from your Heavenly Father for His Son’s sake. Then will you daily become purer and more happy, till death shall take us all home to our Father and our God!”

The children then knelt down by her side, while in the silence and beauty of nature, the mother offered a prayer that they might be early made partakers of the divine nature, and children

of the living God. The hearts of all were full when they arose ; too full to speak. The remembrance of that hour never left them ; and most happy should I be could I hope, that any of those who read my story, would be led by it to seek for that water which Christ gives, and which shall be in them a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life.

## THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

COME, with the angels let us sing  
The praises of our Saviour King,  
Who left the glorious world on high,  
And came to earth—for man to die.

“Glory to God,” the angels say,  
“For Christ the Lord is born to-day ;”  
The heavenly host respond again,  
“Peace on the earth—good-will to men.

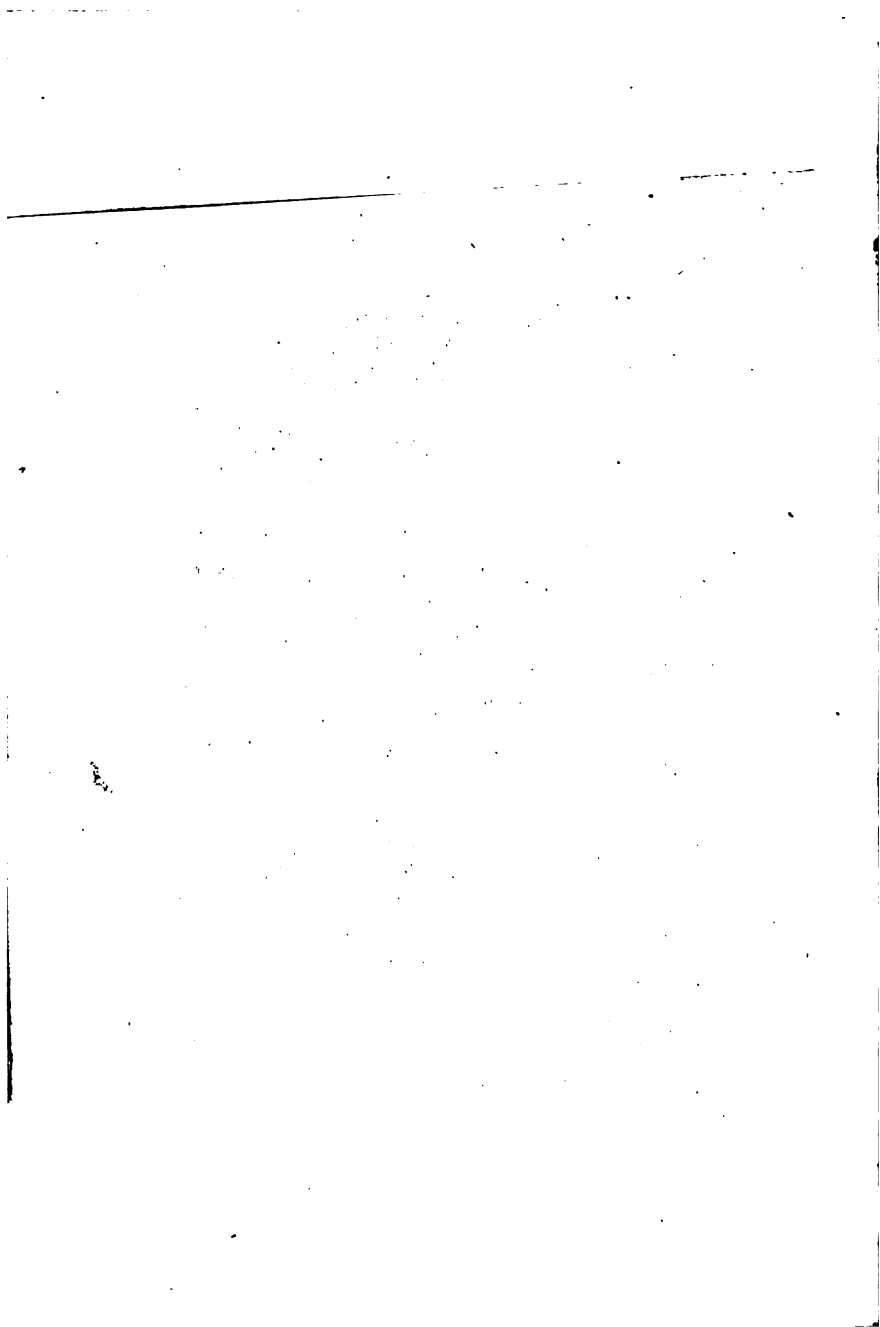
He came on earth, a child to be,  
As helpless and as weak as we ;  
He knew all childhood’s griefs ; and thus,  
Knows how to feel for each of us.

And though he was the undefiled,  
And free from sin, the “Holy Child,”  
He grew in stature and in years,  
To be a man of grief and tears.

Young children in his arms he pressed,  
And tenderly pronounced them blessed,  
"Forbid them not," we hear him say,  
"The just in heaven, are such as they."

Then let us all, with one accord,  
Receive this Saviour, as our Lord;  
And be as gentle, meek and mild,  
As Jesus, when a little child.





### THE LITTLE ARTIST.

CHILDREN are so apt to imitate what they see their parents do, that no one is surprised when the son of a painter takes his father's tools and tries his hand at making pictures. But some attempt this who have not genius or perseverance to accomplish any thing. This was not the case however with little Lewis Smith. From his early infancy he loved to look at pictures, and when he began to run about the floor, he would steal into his father's painting-room, and there sit for half an hour at a time looking at the work that was going on. When he became a little larger, he was allowed to stand by a chair and turn over the great volumes of engravings. At an age when many children do not know a lead-pencil from a skewer, he would draw little figures on visiting-cards. They were rude enough, but they showed uncommon talent and observation for one of his years.

Little Lewis was sometimes quite troublesome in practising his art ; so that his teacher had to reprove him for making houses and horses in his copy-book,



and for ornamenting the desks and stove with chalk-drawings. But this was not long necessary, and his father soon perceived in him such a turn for these things that he began to give him directions, and even showed some of his little performances to his friends. He allowed Lewis to practise as much as he pleased upon a large black board, set up on the easel, and told him to draw large circles and ovals, and the like, in order to get what is called freedom of the hand. Lewis was a motherless child, but his aunts used to make him large books out of gray cartridge-paper, and his little sister Sally stitched them for him, which was about as much sewing as her small fingers could effect. In these he would draw with a bit of crayon; and when this wore out, he made a very good sort of pencils out of little willow-sticks, burnt in a close vessel. He found that he could cut these sharp, like a crayon, and the fact is worthy of being remembered by all young draughtsmen. When he was eight years old, his teacher presented him with a box of drawing instruments, together with a drawing-board, two ebony rules, and a steel port-crayon.

Thus did Lewis Smith go on from month to month, spending much of his play-time in this delightful occupation, and gratifying his friends with

the little productions of his own hand. But while he was thus happy, he was threatened with a great and unexpected affliction. His dear father had never been a very healthy man, and sitting so constantly at his work had made him still more feeble. At length he was seized with a disorder of the eyes, which increased for many months, until one day the physician told him, that unless he gave up painting, he would be in danger of losing his sight. This was a dreadful blow to Mr. Smith, for he had nothing in the world to depend upon except his daily labour as a portrait painter, and the tears came into his eyes when he thought of his little boy and girl, who needed his assistance the more because they had been bereft of their mother. But he endeavoured to cast his care on the Lord, and to submit to his wise and holy Providence; and no day passed in which he did not earnestly pray to God for a blessing on his little ones. He turned to the Bible, and was much strengthened by such promises as these :

*The needy shall not always be forgotten ; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever. Ps. ix. 18. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing ; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness. Ps. xli. 3. In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence ; and his children shall*

*have a place of refuge.* Prov. xiv. 26. *I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.* Ps. xxxvii. 25. *Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.* Ps. xxxiv. 19. Besides these he read a multitude of other passages, which that blessed book contains.

Both the children were truly dutiful and affectionate, and were grieved to see their father thus afflicted. He could no longer go abroad, except in a carriage; he was unable to paint, or even to read. Lewis was old enough to understand this fully, and though his father said nothing to him about it, the son could perceive that his father's mind was dejected and that his affairs were going wrong. Their style of living was much reduced, and their daily fare became as plain and scanty as possible. The horse and carriage in which he often drove them out were sold, and the front-rooms of the house were let out to lodgers. Much of the furniture was carried away, the children did not know where, and the little library in the back parlour was sent to an auction-room. The old watch and their mother's piano, on which Sally expected to practise, disappeared in like manner; bills came in every day which could not be paid, and strange

men used to come and talk in a loud and cross way, such as they never had known before.

Mr. Smith needed so much attention at home, that he was under the necessity of taking Lewis away from school. Old Mr. Watson the school-master suspected that it was from want of means, and hastened over to say, with tears in his eyes, that the little fellow should never want schooling while he lived; but he was assured that there were other reasons for keeping him at home. While the old gentleman sat talking with Mr. Smith, the children were in their father's painting-room. An unfinished portrait leaned against the easel in one corner, it was covered with dust and had not been touched for months. If it could have been finished, it would have brought their father fifty or sixty dollars, and Lewis knew this very well. The volumes of prints and the large portfolios, which were the children's delight were laid aside in an adjoining closet, except one which rested on the old fashioned chair by the side of which Lewis sat to draw. There you might have seen the little artist, with his port-crayon in his hand, and his eye fixed on his drawing-book, touching and re-touching his sketch, sometimes rubbing out, and all the while making observations in a low tone to his sister. Sally had become weary of decking her

hat with peacock's feathers, and was sitting on the floor looking at her brother while he worked. It was a pretty sight, and we have it very well presented to us in our plate.

"Brother," said little Sally, "what is the reason you spend so much of your time making pictures of storks?"

"Because I love the stork, my little Sally."

"And what makes you love the stork? It is not so very pretty. I am sure it is not prettier than an eagle, and it is not half as pretty as a peacock."

"No, but it is a good bird; and that is the reason I love it. Do you not know what Mr. Watson told us about them, when we were at school?"

"No, brother, I do not remember. Tell me, if you please."

"Why he told us that when the old ones become stiff with age, and cannot fly about any more, the young ones feed them, and even carry them about on their backs; and that is what makes me love the storks; and I have been trying several days to make a drawing of a young stork carrying the old one on his back."

"I will love them too," said Sally, "and I shall be very glad to have one of the pictures."

"I promised one," said Lewis, "to Mr. Watson, and I want to give him one very much, because he is so good to father, and because he always tells me such beautiful stories. Did I tell you the one he told me last Sunday about Sir Thomas More? Sir Thomas More was a great judge in England, many, many years ago. He was lord chancellor, which is a kind of very high judge; and at the same time his father was a judge of the court which is called the King's Bench. Now Sir Thomas More showed such respect to his aged father, that he never went to Westminster, where the courts are, without first going to his father's court, to ask the old gentleman's blessing. I love Sir Thomas More for that."

"So do I," said Sally, though her ideas were rather obscure of the whole matter, "and what else did Mr. Watson tell you?"

"He told me about a dreadful eruption of Mount Etna, the great volcano in Sicily, which you have read of in your geography. Once on a time, when the mountain was pouring out fire, and the lava, like melted lead, was running over and destroying towns and villages, two young men, named Anapias and Amphinomus saw that their house was about to be destroyed. They had great wealth in the house, and knew not which articles to take out

first. But as soon as they found that their aged parents had not yet escaped, and were unable to do so, they cried out, 'What wealth is worth so much as this?' and so one of them took the father on his shoulders, and the other took the mother, and carried them safely through the flames. It will be a long time before I shall draw well enough to make a picture of that. But I can try to be kind to my dear father, and I wish I could do a hundred times more for him! It is in my thoughts all the while, no matter what I am doing."

It was evident that the mind of this little boy was much affected with the state of affliction into which his father had been thrown. He copied out of the Bible a number of texts about the duties of children to their parents; and though he did not tell any one, he prayed to God to enable him to fulfil these duties. He was very fond of repeating a verse of the apostle Paul's, which he said applied to fathers as well as mothers: *If any widow have children or nephews, let them learn first to shew piety at home, and to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God.* 1 Tim. v. 4.

One evening, when Mr. Smith was suffering less pain than usual, and was sitting with Sally on his knee, Lewis asked leave to go across the street to

see his old friend Mr. Watson. As soon as he had his father's consent, he ran into the painting-room and got a little portfolio, which he had already laid upon the chair, and hurried over to Mr. Watson. He found the old gentleman sitting quietly by the fire, with the tea-things on the table at his elbow.

"Come in my son," said he with a cheerful look, "I have done my tea, and I am always glad to see you. And I suppose you have some of your nice little drawings in that portfolio. I have a desire to look over them. I can assure you, the copy you made of Luther's head is very well thought of, and Colonel Breck would have bought it of me for several dollars." Lewis's eyes brightened at this, and he said,—“And do you think, sir, any of my drawings are good enough to sell?”

"Surely they are," said Mr. Watson, "but why should you wish to sell them, my boy?"

Lewis coloured very highly, hung his head, and said, "O Mr. Watson, you know—you know well enough—better than I can tell you. We are not as well off as we were once—my father is growing poor—and I am afraid he is becoming blind,"—and here the little boy burst into tears.

Mr. Watson put his arm kindly around him and said, "Cheer up, Lewis! Providence will do better for you yet than you expect. I know what



you mean, and I have no doubt I could sell some of your drawings very readily among my friends. They would prize them highly because they are the work of so very young a person. But then, my dear, they would not bring a great deal, and you could not make others very fast, and the help they would give your father would not be material. I would rather have them kept together, in your own possession. *Providence will yet do better for you than you expect.* In a few days I hope to tell you more plainly what I mean."

Lewis returned home and put away his drawings, and then took his place, as usual, to read to his father. The books which he read were chiefly religious, and Mr. Smith selected such as he thought would be most useful to his little son. This evening the book was the *Life of Mr. Bacon*, the celebrated sculptor, written by the Rev. Mr. Cecil, of London. Mr. Smith chose this in order to let his son see that a man may follow the FINE ARTS, that is painting, sculpture and the like, and still be a good Christian.

"I suppose, my son," said Mr. Smith, "that if your life be spared you will become a painter. You have a quick turn for the art, and Providence seems to point this out as your calling. Now when you grow larger, and go among young artists,

you will find many of them to be irreligious and dissipated young men. I wish you to take special notice of this life of John Bacon. It is a favourite work of mine ; I hope it will be so of yours. Now proceed."

Lewis read on without being particularly interested, till he came to the following paragraph, which filled him with surprise and delight: "In the year 1755, and at the age of fourteen, Mr. Bacon was bound apprentice to Mr. Crispe, of Bow Church Yard ; where he was employed, among other things, in painting on porcelain. Mr. Crispe had a manufactory of china at Lambeth, to which Mr. Bacon occasionally went, and where he assisted. His then occupation, indeed, was but a feeble step toward his future acquirements, as he was chiefly employed in forming shepherds, shepherdesses, and such small ornamental pieces ; yet for a self-taught artist to perform works like these with taste, and in less than two years, form (as he did) all the models for the manufactory, was to give an indication of no ordinary powers. But, as goodness of heart excels greatness of parts, a proof of his filial affection ought here to be recorded. *At this early period he principally supported his parents by the produce of his labours, even to the abridging himself of the necessaries of life.*"

This trait in the character of young Bacon touched the heart of little Lewis. As he read it, his voice trembled with emotion, and his father, blindfold as he was, read, in this tone, the filial affection of the boy. He took care, when they came to that part of the life, to direct his son's notice to the inscription which Mr. Bacon, in his will, ordered to be placed near his grave. It was as follows :

“ WHAT I WAS AS AN ARTIST SEEMED TO ME OF SOME IMPORTANCE WHILE I LIVED : BUT WHAT I REALLY WAS AS A BELIEVER IN CHRIST JESUS, IS THE ONLY THING OF IMPORTANCE TO ME NOW.”

Notwithstanding the advice of good Mr. Watson, the mind of Lewis was much set upon doing something for his father by the sale of his drawings. This project doubled his pleasure while he sat over his work ; and like most children he was sanguine in his hopes of success. He had already laid aside four or five of his best, in order to take them to a neighbouring print shop to sell. At length he did so ; but was much disappointed when the woman of the shop offered him only two dollars for the whole set. The little fellow knew that if they were worth any thing, they were worth more than this ; so he refused her offer, but left one of the drawings for her to show. The truth was the wo-

man was no judge of the art, and considered as faults some little negligences which have a peculiar charm to the eye of taste. And it was not many days before Lewis was sent for, and requested to take his portfolio of drawings to the house of Mr. Belton, an English gentleman of wealth, who had seen his specimen, and was filled with astonishment when he learned that it was the work of a little boy.

When Mr. Belton became acquainted with Lewis, he not only purchased his pieces at a very liberal price, but at once made him an offer of support for several years under the instruction of the best masters. In all his life Lewis had never felt a purer pleasure, than when he stole round the elbow chair in which his father was sitting and slipped into his hand a purse of silver. I will not attempt to describe the tender scene which followed.

When Lewis next visited Mr. Watson, the old gentleman met him with a smile of peculiar joy, and said to him, "Do you remember, my boy, what I said to you on Friday?"

"Yes sir, you said, 'Providence will yet do better for you than you expect:' and Providence *has* done better already." And so he told Mr. Watson of his success. The old gentleman took

the boy's hand in both his own, and said: "I have something even better than this to tell you. Our heavenly Father has heard our prayers, and raised up for you a valuable friend. I hoped something of this, when I spoke to you before, but I took care not to excite expectations that might be disappointed. But I am now happy to tell you the whole.

"When I found that your father's eyesight was failing, and knew that he could no longer support himself, I began to look around for some friend who might relieve him. I soon thought of an aunt of your dear mother's, an old lady named Mrs. Vere. She is very wealthy and lives entirely alone. In former days she was greatly attached to both your parents; but they did not then need her assistance. I was sure she would feel interested in you all, and I wrote her a long letter on the subject. It has had the effect I desired. She offers a home to your father and his children under her own roof, as long as he may need it, and to-morrow she will be here in her carriage to learn more particularly the condition of your affairs."

To make a long story short, let me add that Mrs. Vere came as she said, and did all that she promised, and that her house was the home of the

declining painter during the two years of his life that remained. After his death she adopted his children as her own, and lived to see Lewis Smith an accomplished, and, what is better, a truly pious artist.

### THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

"She was interred in a retired spot, in the burying-ground in Port Louis, under the shade of an evergreen."

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF H. NEWELL.

SHE sleeps beneath the green tree's lonely shade !

Far from the land, the home, the friends she  
loved.

For trusting in her God's Almighty aid,

She left them all thro' distant climes to rove.

She sought to pour on the benighted sight

Of India's sons, the rays of Gospel light.

She sleeps beneath the green tree's lonely shade !

But few of all to her fond heart so dear,

Have gazed upon the spot, where she is laid,

Or dropped upon her tomb, affection's tear.

Yet angels watch around the lowly grave,

Her sleeping dust, the Lord, himself, shall save.

She sleeps beneath the green tree's lonely shade !  
And from that sea-washed isle, a voice hath  
    come,  
That, stealing o'er the soul, has often made  
    The young and lovely turn from friends and  
    home,  
To tread the path, in which she early trod,  
Bearing, to heathen lands, the word of God.

C.



**CATHARINE WHITE,****OR THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR'S FIDELITY REWARDED.**

IN the place of my residence there is an Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches, and Sunday-schools, and other benevolent associations, were well sustained among us ; but it is only for the last two years that we have engaged in the useful and delightful occupation of distributing tracts. The pastor of the church to which I belonged, became convinced that the system of Christian visitation and personal appeals to the thoughtless and wayward, was in very close accordance with the precepts and practices of our Saviour and his apostles, and took measures to introduce it. Each of the congregations furnished a share of labourers for this good work, and being myself of the number selected, I was most happy to have this opportunity for doing good.

The first family I visited was that of Mrs. White, a widow. I knocked at the door of her humble

dwelling, which was opened by a tall, slender woman, about fifty years of age. She desired me to walk in, and, dusting a chair with her apron, silently offered me a seat.

After sitting a few moments and engaging in general conversation, I said to her, "I called on you this morning, Mrs. White, to inquire if you would like to receive a little book, like this, once a month?" At the same time offering her a tract.

She took it, looked at it, and handing it back to me, said, "I am a poor widow, ma'am, and have to earn my own support, so that I do not feel able to pay much money for learning."

I took it back, saying, "I do not wish you to pay for it, my good woman, but to receive it as a gift." I then explained to her something of the nature and object of the visit, adding, "These little books contain the important truths taught in the Scriptures, and the great object is to induce all who read them to become Christians. I suppose you have a Bible?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," said the woman, "I have as beautiful a Bible as any one need wish to have." At the same time rising and taking out of a chest a large folio Bible, carefully covered with green baize. "It is one," said she, "that my poor husband bought two years before his death, and he

got the school-master to write his name and mine, and the children's, in it. It is full of nice pictures too, and has all the explanations of the chapters in it; and I assure you, ma'am, I prize it very much, because it belonged to him that's gone."

As she spoke, the tears filled her eyes, and I perceived with pleasure that she was not destitute of feeling.

"I hope, Mrs. White," said I, "that there is another reason why you prize this volume. I trust you value it as the gift of that glorious Being, who has been pleased to reveal Himself in it as the Lord God gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abundant in goodness, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and who so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

"I know, ma'am," she replied, "that it is the book of God, and I hope I try to live up to it; for though I'm poor, I live a peaceable life by the labour of my hands, and pay all my debts, and wrong no one."

"You may do all this, Mrs. White," I replied, "and a great deal more, and yet fall very far short of what this book requires. Perfect holiness of heart and life is what is demanded by the law of

God contained in his word, and yet the same word declares that there is no man that liveth and sinneth not."

"But it says too that God is just," replied the widow, "and if so, I am sure he will not expect us to do what is impossible for us to do."

"He does not require of us any thing we cannot do," I answered, "he has provided a way for our salvation by the sacrifice of his son Jesus Christ; and all who repent of their sins and believe on him, shall receive a full pardon and a title to eternal life. I hope, continued I, that you will examine yourself by the word of God, and I trust the Spirit of God will show your true state.

"You put me in mind of my poor husband," said the widow, as she sighed; "he was a man of few words, but he used to talk a good deal so sometimes."

"How long has your husband been dead," I asked?

"It will be two years the fifth of next month, ma'am. He had a sudden call, and I a sudden trouble, for he left home well in the morning and was brought home a corpse. He was at work digging in the side hill north of this, and it suddenly caved in upon him and killed him."

"I trust," said I, "that though his summons

came in an hour he thought not of, he was not unprepared?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied the widow, "he was always a good man, honest, industrious and sober; always kind to his family, and just in his dealings—he was a man, as I said, that never had much to say, but he used to go to meetings and read his Bible a good deal."

"You spoke of your children? how many have you," I inquired.

"I have but two living, ma'am, my eldest daughter is married and lives in the small white house you see from this window, and the other lives with me and goes out sewing. She is a weakly girl, quiet and thoughtful, and amazingly like her father. There never was a better daughter than my Catharine. I do not see as she ever does any thing wrong, but she's taken a notion that she's very wicked, and she's quite gloomy-like, and to speak plainly to you, ma'am, one reason that I don't like to take your book is that Catharine will read it, and I think she reads and thinks too much about such matters. She's not half as happy as she used to be before she took to that way. She used to be like a cricket about the house, singing and making every body about her happy, but now she has got so down spirited, and says she's such a wicked sinner,

and has all her life done so wrong, that I don't know what to make of her sometimes, I'm afraid she is not hardly in her right mind."

"Mrs. White," said I, "you must not be offended if I say that perhaps she is just coming to a better state of mind than she has ever been in. She probably thinks no worse of herself than she ought to do."

The widow looked displeased and replied, "you know nothing about Catharine, ma'am, or you would not say so. I don't believe that any one that knows her can say a word against her."

"My good woman, you mistake me," said I. "She may be all that is dutiful and amiable, and kind, and affectionate, and yet be destitute of the love of God. And now that she sees how much she has lived for this world, how little for God, when she reflects that she has neglected to love and serve, and give her heart to that Redeemer, who died for her salvation, she feels that she is a miserable sinner indeed. Do not prevent her from reading the Bible and good books; she will never be any happier till she feels that she is a christian enjoying the love and favour of God. Give her this tract," continued I, "handing her the one entitled, '*What shall I do to be saved.*' And I hope the reading of it may be blessed to her eternal good."

Though the woman did not seem to understand all I said to her, she took the tract saying, "Well, ma'am, I will give it to her." I rose to go, and after saying a few more words to her on the importance of attending to the salvation of her soul, bade her "good morning."

I then visited the other families in my district; by some of whom I was coldly received, by others kindly welcomed, and I returned home feeling that I had much to encourage me to be faithful in the discharge of my new duties.

At the end of a month I again knocked at Mrs. White's door. A feeble voice bade me walk in. By the fire, seated in a rocking chair, and supported by pillows, was a feeble looking girl of about eighteen years of age. Her hollow cheek had the bright flush upon it, which told too plainly the nature of her complaint.

"Is Mrs. White within?" I inquired.

"No ma'am," she replied, "mother has gone to get something to make a syrup for my cough."

"Then you are Catharine White," said I.

"Yes ma'am, that is my name."

"You seem very unwell," I remarked, "your mother told me your health was delicate, but I did not suppose you were so feeble."

"I have only been confined to the house for

the last three weeks," she replied. "I took a bad cold which settled on my lungs, and after coughing about a week I began to raise blood."

"Is your cough very troublesome?" I inquired.

"Yes ma'am, my side and breast are very sore and painful. I sleep but poorly, and sometimes think I never shall be any better."

"I called here a month ago and left a tract with your mother, have you read it?"

"O yes, ma'am, again and again," said she eagerly; "O how glad I am to see you, I did not think of your being *that lady*."

"Your mother told me something of your state of mind, which interested me very much, and led me to hope you were seeking the salvation of your soul."

"I have been very much troubled in my mind for a long time," she replied. "I did not say any thing about it as long as I could keep it to myself; but the thought that I am a sinner, and at any time might die, seemed to fill my mind by day so that I could not work, and by night so that I could not sleep. Mother saw that something troubled me, and when she asked me I told her; but she said I was notional and tried to comfort me; but the thought, 'I'm a sinner, a guilty sinner,' was like a voice in my ear wherever I went. I knew of no



one to speak to, for I did not feel freedom to go to the minister. When mother told me you had been here and talked about religion, I could not help crying, I felt so disappointed that I did not see you."

She was here interrupted by a violent turn of coughing. After she was quiet, I said to her, "did you find an answer to the question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' in the tract I left you?"

"I think I did, ma'am," she replied, "my mind has felt more composed since I read it, but I am very ignorant on all religious subjects, and know but little of the Bible. I read it a great deal, but there are so many things that I cannot understand, that I feel almost discouraged."

"But you can understand that you are a poor, helpless sinner," said I, "and that Jesus died on the cross to save you from your sins. You know that you must be sorry for your past life of sin, and believe that Christ is willing and able to pardon you and take you to heaven."

"Yes ma'am, I do believe it, and I think I do trust in Him, and this is my only comfort, for I feel that I am never going to be healthy again, and my prayer is that I may not be taken from this world till I am by God's grace fitted for glory."

"Does your mother think you as ill as you seem to suppose yourself to be?" I inquired.

"No ma'am, my poor mother will not hear to my saying that I am not going to be well. I wish, ma'am, if it is not too much to ask of you, that you would talk to her. She is very, *very* dear to me, and I cannot bear to see her so thoughtless about her soul's salvation."

I promised her that I would take some suitable time to converse with her mother, and as I had now sat a long time, I took my leave, after giving her another tract, and promising to call and see her again very soon.

I did not defer my visit long, for I was desirous to watch the progress of the growth of piety in the breast of Catharine White. The next time I called she was confined to her bed, and though but a week had passed since I had seen her, she had failed very much. She smiled as I approached her, and held out her hand to me, saying, "it is very kind in you to come so soon." In answer to my inquiries respecting her health, she replied, "I am much weaker than I was when you last saw me, my cough is very distressing and severe, and night-sweats reduce me fast.

"Can you say, 'my flesh and my heart faileth,

but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever?"

"I think I can, ma'am," she replied. "If I had not such hopes as these to sustain me in my present situation, I should be indeed miserable. Though I have been so feeble since I saw you last, I have never been so happy. Night after night, while labouring and panting for breath, my mind is tranquil and is kept in perfect peace, being stayed in God."

"Is your mind constantly in this happy frame," I asked. "Oh no, ma'am, sometimes after having felt as if I longed to be gone, so much so, that I think of the words, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest,' I begin to think what if I am deceiving myself? What if I am still an enemy to God? and then I am indeed a wretched being; but this is not often the case, for I can almost always trust in Him who I believe will finally give me the victory."

"I have brought you a small book of hymns, which I thought you might sometimes be pleased to read," said I, taking a little volume from my work-bag, "and I think one of them is so applicable to your case, as you describe it sometimes to be, that if you wish I will read it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said she, "I shall be much obliged to you to do so."

I opened the book and read the following lines, entitled

STRONG AND WEAK FAITH.

Sometimes when faith is strong  
And hopes of peace with God are firm and bright,  
My spirit, almost ready for her flight,  
Does for thy presence long.

I meditate with joy  
Upon the bliss of heaven, that happy place,  
When I shall see my Saviour "face to face,"  
And praise be my employ.

'Tis then I joyful cry,  
Come quickly, Lord, "and bear my soul away,  
For in this world I would not always stay,  
Take me to Thee on high."

But soon this frame is gone,  
And earth with all its pleasures and its pain,  
Takes full possession of my soul again,  
And I am left to mourn.

When shall the warfare cease?  
When shall the conflict in my soul be o'er?  
When shall I be in heaven and sin no more?  
But dwell in perfect peace.

Appoint just what thou will  
Into thy covenant keeping can I give,  
My life, my all, and if I die or live,  
Oh keep me near thee still.

"I am very glad, ma'am," said Catharine, as I finished reading, "that some one else who was a Christian has felt as I do sometimes."

"True Christians," said I, "are not always without doubts and fears. Our *hope* will be *reality*, only when we arrive in heaven, and there we shall never have another doubt. I hope you find a great many precious promises, to sustain you under every situation, in that blest volume which you so much prize."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, indeed I do; and in the night, when I cannot sleep, I find them truly refreshing."

I had many interesting conversations with Catharine, and was much gratified to see, that as she became weaker in body her soul was strengthening in piety. She was rapidly sinking to the grave, and was entirely convinced that the time of her departure was at hand. Her poor mother was almost broken-hearted, for she had looked upon Catharine as the stay and comfort of her old age. I could see that this was likely to prove a merciful dispensation to her, for she was already beginning

to feel that she was destitute of any support in the season of affliction and trouble.

Catharine often talked with her on the subject of religion until her strength was exhausted, and Mrs. White read the Scriptures and other books aloud to her daughter, by which means, blessed by the Spirit of God, she gained a knowledge of her ruined state by nature, of the necessity of an atonement, of the provision made for our salvation by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the means by which we may obtain the benefits of his sacrifice.

It was now between two and three months since I became acquainted with the family. In this time Catharine had indeed grown in grace and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I had never heard her utter a complaint or express a desire to live. Sometimes her mother would burst into tears and say, "Oh, Catharine, don't think of dying; what will your poor mother do without you?"

"Why, trust in Him, mother," she would say, "who has promised to be better to those who confide in Him than son or daughter."

At length Catharine had become so reduced by her disease that I expected daily to hear of her death. She had several times taken leave of me

as if she never was to see my face again on earth.

One afternoon I received a message that she was sinking fast, and had requested that I would come immediately and see her. On entering the room I found her indeed struggling with the last enemy. The little cot bed was drawn into the centre of the room, and the doors all stood open in order to admit air. The fumes of burning tar were also strong in the room, and every thing was doing in order to relieve the great difficulty of breathing under which she laboured.

The sufferer was supported by pillows in a sitting posture upon her bed, her head leaning upon her poor mother's bosom. She was panting for breath, the heavings of her chest being almost convulsive. She opened her eyes as I entered and looked a welcome but did not attempt to speak, and soon closed them again. I took a seat by the bed in silence, and the stillness of the room was uninterrupted, save by the deep drawn breathings of the dying girl, and the deep sobs of her mother and sister. As I looked upon the scene, I could not but think of these thrilling lines :

"There is grief! there is grief! there is wringing of hands,  
There is weeping and calling for aid ;

For sorrow has summoned her group and it stands  
Round the couch where the sufferer is laid,  
And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,  
And tears from the hearts depths are shed.  
But who that looks on the sweet saint to behold,  
But would gladly lie down in her stead.

There is grief—there is grief, there is labour and strife;  
See the sufferer is toiling for breath,  
For the spirit will cling, oh how fondly to life,  
And stern is the struggle with death.  
But the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,  
Ere the last fatal symptoms have birth;  
And the eyeballs are glazed, and the pulses are still,  
And *this* is the portion of earth."

After a short time I approached her bed, and taking her hand, said,

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

She looked at me earnestly and said with difficulty, "Say more." I continued. "You are very near that glorious place where there shall be no death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," and, added I, with my other



hand taking Mrs. White's, "God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Well might the apostle say, in view of all this bliss, "I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

After this, the paroxysm of suffering which she had endured seemed to subside, and she sunk into a disturbed sleep, frequently moaning and sometimes praying in short sentences.

This continued about fifteen minutes, when she awoke again in distress for breath. Her sufferings were now very severe. "Oh," said she, "this is surely death; nothing but the separation of soul and body could cause such intense agony."

The mother almost fainting from fatigue and grief, resigned her place to me;—and as I laid the head of the dying girl, damp with the sweat of death, upon my shoulder, I said, "My sweet sister in the Lord, rejoice, for your redemption draweth nigh, for when the ransomed of the Lord return to Zion, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The chief sufferings seemed at an end after this period. "I am more easy," said she; "will you read me some of the promises?" I commenced reading some selections from the fifteenth chapter

of the first of Corinthians. I had not read long before she said, "A little louder." I raised my voice, she soon said, "I don't hear you—I'm growing blind—I'm dying—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

She gave a deep sigh—another,—and her spirit was, I trust, before the throne.

I retained my posture a moment, and as I laid her inanimate form back upon the pillow, and closed her eyes, I said aloud,

"There is joy ! there is joy ! in the bright realms of day,  
They have opened the gates of the sky ;  
For a spirit has burst from its fetters of clay,  
And waits for admission on high.  
Now loudly, triumphantly swells the glad song,  
The song of redemption and love,  
And the white-robed elders all joyfully throng  
To welcome their sister above."

There is joy ! there is joy ! at the foot of the throne,  
See the spirit all glorified bend,  
And it beams with delight as she gazes alone,  
On the face of her father and friend.  
Now she joins the glad anthems forever that rise,  
All her sins, all her follies forgiven ;  
Though dead to the earth, she's new-born to the skies,  
And *this* is the portion of heaven."

## THE FADED FLOWERS.

THEY are fading, all fading ! those beautiful flowers,  
That I gathered this morning from Flora's gay  
    bowers,  
One after another they droop on the stem,  
But I mourn not, I grieve not, I weep not for  
    them.

But they bring to my memory, friends that were  
    near,  
Companions of childhood, beloved and dear,  
Who drooped like these flowers, and faded and  
    died,  
As one after another, was torn from my side.

They are fading, all fading ! the bright things of  
    time,  
Like flowers and companions, cut off in their  
    prime ;  
But one thing more lasting, remains undecayed,  
'Tis the joy of religion which never shall fade.

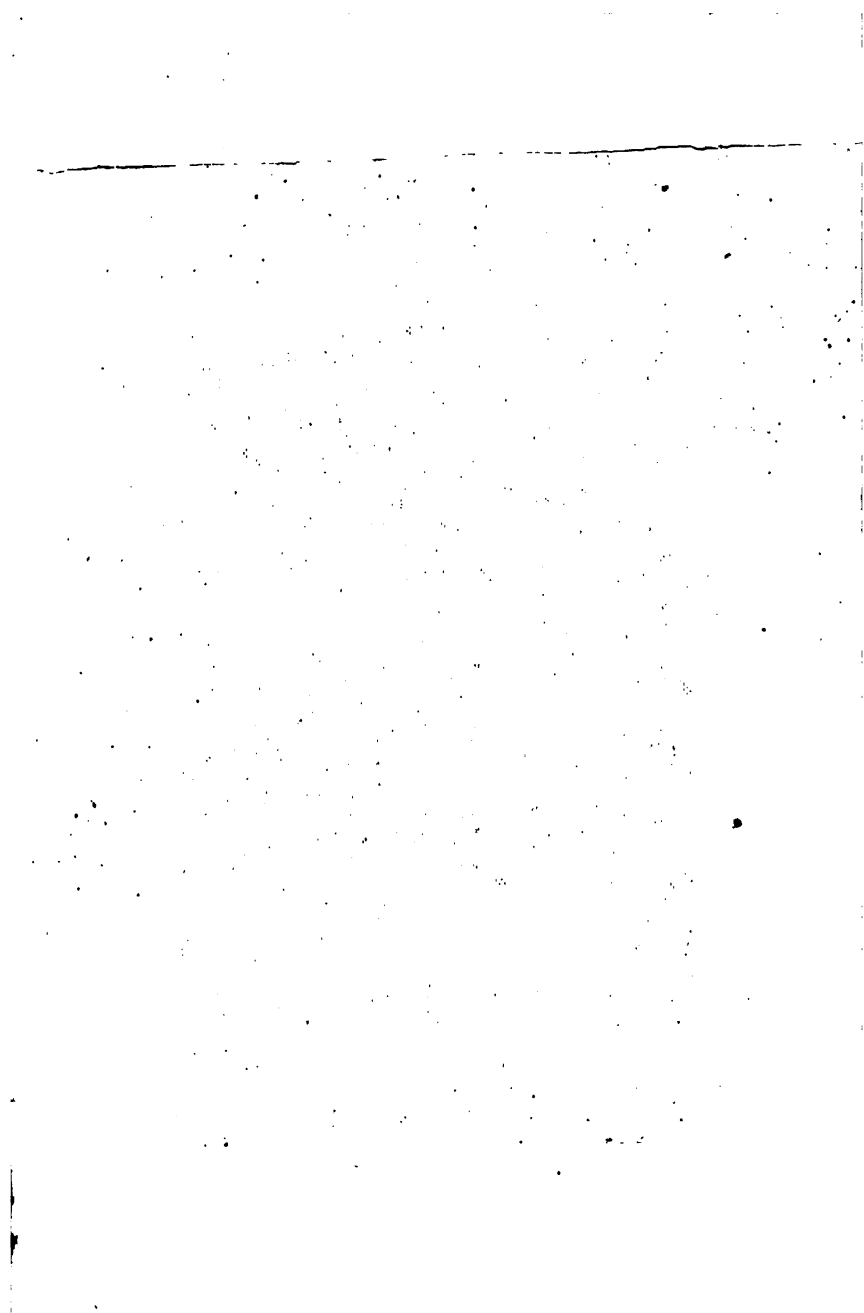
Then since all these bright things, refusing to stay,  
Like the hues of the rainbow, are hasting away ;  
We set our affections, on joys that will last,  
When the pleasures of earth, shall be faded and  
past.

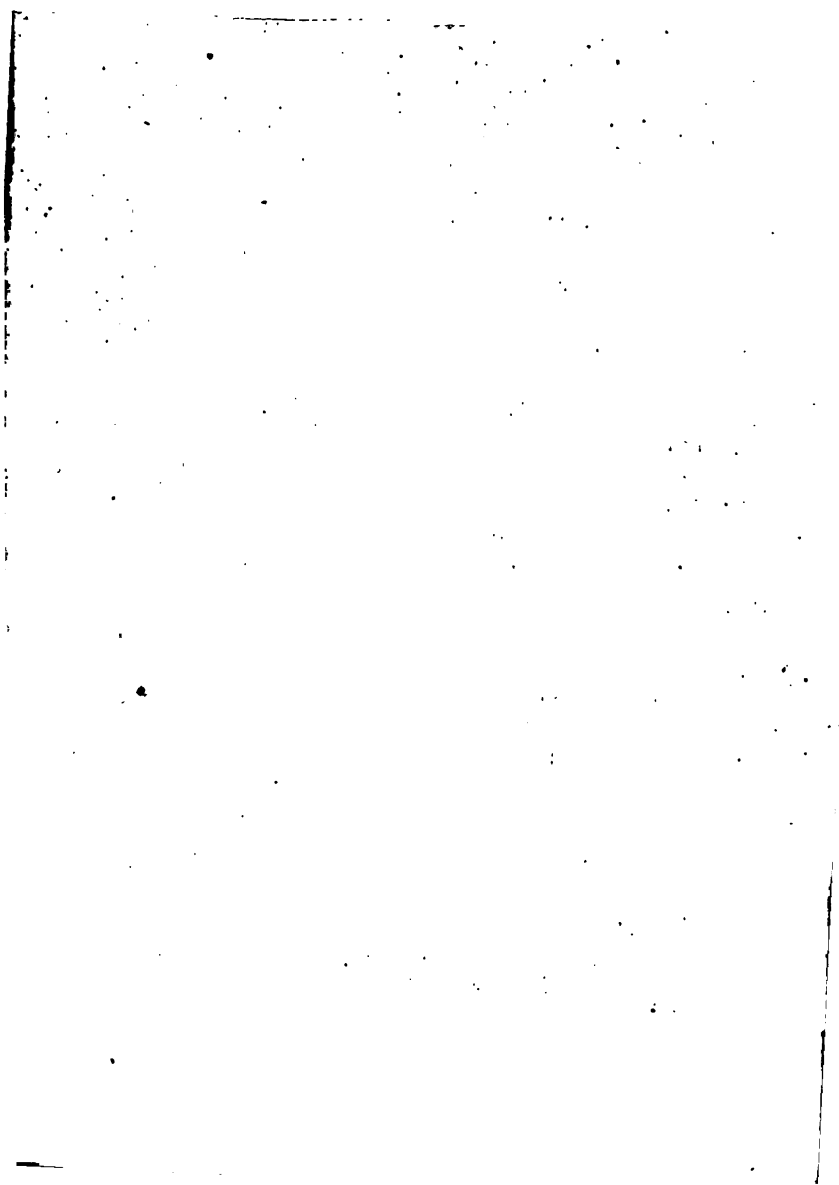
### THE COTTAGE DOOR.

WHAT a different thing is the cottage-door from the door of a house in the city ! And never is the difference seen to be greater than when we call out the children from both, and compare the scene. In the city we shall find the white and polished door, with its silver-plated handles at the lock and bell, opening at the top of a flight of marble steps ; all as clean and bright as if no foot had trodden upon them, or hands touched them. The door is kept shut too, and fastened ; so that if one wishes to go in, the bell must be pulled, to bring a servant to open and close it.

But the cottage door is quite a different thing. No paint hides the rough wood of which it is made. No careful work has joined the boards together, so as to make it appear like one solid piece. It stands open in summer all the day : and in winter, you have only to lift a latch and walk in ; taking but one step from the ground into a warm room.

Let us call the children out this fine day. Per-

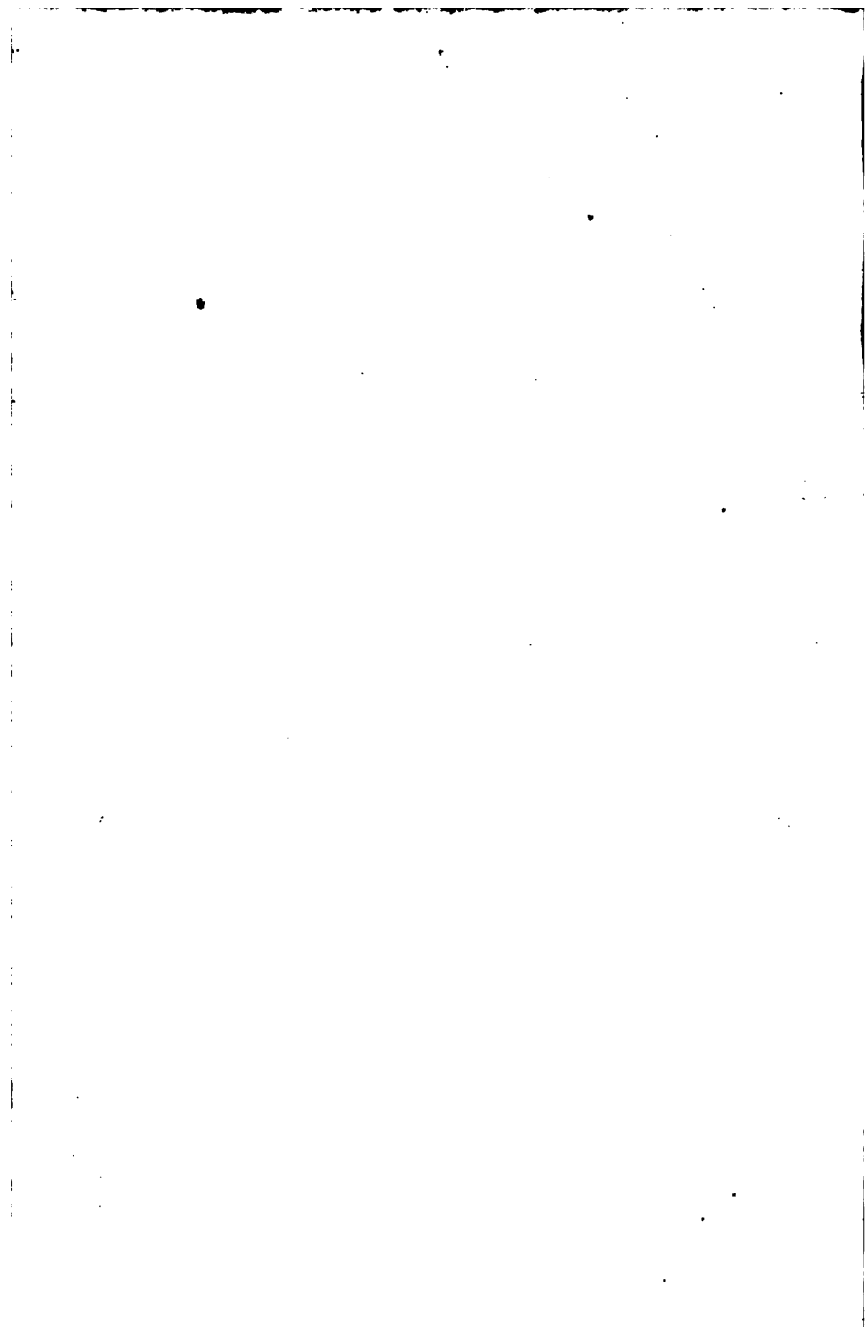






THE CHILDREN AND THE DOG.





haps the city girls will hardly be persuaded to come out to sit on the hard steps, only to look at a brick pavement and a stone street, and a row of houses on the opposite side of the way, so close together and so high, that nothing but houses—houses can be seen. But if they come; how carefully must they move and sit, to keep from soiling their nice dresses! For it will not do to be seen at the door except in clean frocks and faces, and with the hair in order. And then they must be very quiet and still, or else the neighbours may think them rude.

But we need not call out the cottage-children. They are at the door already. They know nothing of being kept in a nursery, or confined in a small garden with high walls, and only let out to “walk” at certain hours. They live out of doors all day. Their frocks are not easily torn or soiled; or, if they should be, they are easily mended and washed. They may jump, and run and climb as they please: now in the orchard; then to the spring-house; back to the barn; off to the hen roost. They would rather breathe the pure air under the trees even at meal-time, than be set up to never so fine a table; and sure enough here they are at their breakfast; one seated on the door-sill, another on a stone, and a third squatted on the

ground, like the cat. Here they have their bread and milk; and right heartily they eat of it in the sweet morning air. They want no table or chairs: and though their necks and arms are bare, and they are at the "front-door," they see no harm in all that. There are no neighbours to watch them; or passers-by to notice them. Puss is the only one that looks at them, and she is thinking more of the saucer of milk than of the children.

How unhappy these little girls would be if they should be taken to live in a great house in the city! Even if they should have the finest clothes and the richest food, how they would long to be back to their dear cottage-door and the lovely fields of the country!

And so, too, perhaps it would make any three children who had been brought up in the city, unhappy to be taken to a cottage, and sent to the front-door to eat their breakfasts, and left to run about and take care of themselves from morning to night. They would soon become weary and wish themselves back to their dear home.

Thus we see it is not the place nor the dress, that makes us happy or unhappy. It is not whether we are in town or country: in a great house or a cottage; in a fine frock or a coarse one;—but whether we are at home: it is this that makes the

child contented. Home is the place to which we are accustomed : it is there that we have our parents, our brothers and sisters. We know every spot of it ; and seem to love the very walls and doors, and the ground around it. There we have played in our infancy : and the spot was like a world to us, for we knew, and thought and cared little about any other spot.

The Lord has placed mankind in different parts of the earth and under different circumstances. Some live on a continent ; others on islands ; some in regions of continual heat ; others in perpetual cold. And even in the same region, and within a short distance of each other, families are distributed and arranged so as to promote the comfort and convenience of all. If all should live in the cities and towns, how should we get grain for our bread ; or vegetables, fruit and the other productions of the earth, that are necessary for life ? Or if all lived in the country, what would the farmer do to get rid of his wheat, and corn, and other articles that he now brings to the market, or sends in ships to other countries ? So it is that the wise Providence that governs men, and has caused them “ to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation.”

These reflections should make us contented with

our place of habitation, or willing to change it when it seems to be our duty. We should judge of others, not by the house they live in, but by what they are in themselves. A child is not made good by living in a cottage, nor is another bad because he lives in a marble house. There is sin and misery in all kinds of houses, and there may be holiness and happiness in all. Let us look to God to bless us, so that wherever we live we may enjoy his favour and care; let us love all our fellow-beings, wherever they live, and let us as brothers and sisters cherish that affection for each other that will cause us at all times to live in the peace and happiness which is so beautifully exhibited at our "Cottage Door."

## THE PROMISED WALK.

DEAR mother, as Mary and I have been good,  
And learned all our tasks, and been pleasant and  
kind,  
You'll go, as you promised, with us, to the wood,  
The butter-cups gay, and sweet violets to find.

For winter has gone, with its cold and its snow,  
And spring has returned, with its sunshine and  
showers ;  
And I know where the earliest primroses grow,  
On a green mossy bank, that is covered with  
flowers.

The ice too, has goes from the brook in the vale,  
Where lately the school-boys assembled to skate ;  
And I'll take my new boat, just to see how she'll  
sail,  
With pebbles for ballast, and flowers for freight.

The swallow and blue-bird have come back once  
more,  
And a robin I saw, on the tall poplar tree ;  
And they seemed to rejoice that the winter was  
o'er,  
As they warbled together their sweet melody.

The industrious bee, too, is busy again,  
And all things rejoice, in the goodness of God ;  
Who bestows his rich favours, not only on men,  
But cares for the bird and the flower of the sod.

Then since He remembers the flowers of the wood,  
And is mindful of birds, their protection to be ;  
If we love Him, and serve Him, and strive to be  
good,  
I am sure He will bless sister Mary and me.

## THE AMARANTH.

IN one of the waning days of autumn I wandered among the yellow arbours and along the rustling avenues of a spacious garden.

It seemed but yesterday that I was there on a balmy summer's morning. The dew which had lain all night upon the tender branches was passing away, and the air was loaded with fragrance. Every flower and leaf I could fancy to be in playful rivalry with the birds of the air, to see which should contribute most to the beauty and joyousness of the scene.

But now, all is changed. The dry and yellow leaves are strewed over all the beds, or are nestling together in some quiet corner, as if shrinking from observation or seeking to protect each other from the pitiless blast. All around me is desolate, dreary and forbidding.

Yet there I see, just at the angle of that grape-trellis yonder, a tall and graceful flower which seems to rear itself amidst decay and death, and even to gather fresher verdure and richer fragranc



by contrast with the seared and fallen glories of the garden.

It is the AMARANTH. Its stalk is erect, its leaf is green, and its flower lavish of perfume, while all else is buried in the grave of the year.

I turn to the world in which I live, and I see, revealed in living outlines, the image of this garden. The withering grass, the fading flower, the delusive dream, and the fleeting vapour, are among the emblems which the Scriptures furnish of the life of man; and they are no less just than beautiful.

But it was not always so. Not that the grass upon the banks of the river of Eden did not always wither; nor that the flowers which filled that garden of delights with beauty and fragrance did not always fade. They probably did. But there was, then, no decay or change in man; nothing in his original form or nature, of which the drooping grace and perishing glory of the vegetable world were emblematical.

He was made in the image of God—IMMORTAL. His body was endued with undecaying strength and beauty. Moulded and fashioned by the hand of the great Creator, he stood in the midst of the life and glory of the new world—the master and monarch of all. To crown his bliss (which needed only this to make it perfect) there was

brought to him the woman, fitted to be one with him ; bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh.

Sole partner and sole part of all his joys,  
Dearer herself than all.

Thus this glorious creation was finished. The gorgeous heavens, the teeming earth, and the dark blue sea, with all their untold myriads instinct with life and motion, and

Our two first parents, (yet the only two  
Of mankind,) in the garden placed,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy—unrivalled love  
In blissful solitude ———

But alas ! in an evil hour they sinned against the holy being in whose favour was their life ; and by this one dreadful deed, brought upon themselves the curse with which God had threatened them if they disobeyed his commands, and thus closed the door of mercy and hope against themselves and their posterity.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. Sad change !—man, immortal, glorious, sinless man, is no more ! In his place is a frail, guilty, dying creature, now trem-

bling with fear, and now sinking in hopeless despair.

Oh fleeting joys  
Of Paradise! dear bought with lasting woes.

And is there no hope? Must they go down to the grave and thence to the dark prison of the fallen angels? What apology shall they offer for their sin? On what ground shall they plead for mercy and pardon? Did they sin ignorantly or inconsiderately? Will they deny their deliberate design and fixed purpose to disobey God? Did they not believe the tempter rather than their Maker? Surely they have no one but themselves to blame for their guilt and ruin.

If they had supposed themselves guiltless, would they have fled from the presence of God when they heard his voice in the garden? No. It was the voice of conscience. It filled them with terror, and they fled to a hiding place. But it was all in vain, for there is no darkness nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity can hide themselves.

WHERE ART THOU? said a voice that shook the earth.

Why hast thou hidden thyself from thy Creator, thy Preserver, thy ceaseless and boundless Benefactor?

“I heard thy voice in the garden and I was afraid, because I was naked.”

“And who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?”

Thus were his sins set in order before him, and while he was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay, he strove to cast the dreadful burden of guilt and condemnation upon her, whose safety and protection were once first in his anxieties. So sin—even one sin, hardens the heart and quenches the best affections of our nature. They were both guilty, both ruined, alike involved in helpless and hopeless misery.

Was it not so? Could they restore themselves to innocence and purity? Could they rise up again and enter into communion with God and be happy? If they had thenceforward maintained a life of obedience to all God's commands, would they have been as if they had never violated his perfect laws? Alas! There is no reparation for such an injury and insult to the holy government of God. The soul that sinneth it shall die, and no man can by any means redeem his brother from death or give to God a ransom for him.

But in that day of darkness there was light. Across that heavy cloud of despair a ray of light

beamed from the eternal throne. In great compassion the promise of a Saviour was intimated to them, though indistinctly; and while the stern sentence stood unqualified—DUST THOU ART AND UNTO DUST SHALT THOU RETURN, mercy and forgiveness were offered to them upon their repentance and faith.

Faith in what? in whom? "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." This promised seed thenceforth became the star of hope to which the eye of penitence and faith turned, and every drop in the ocean of sacrificial blood which was shed through the succeeding ages of the ancient church, was a distinct expression of this faith, and a new seal to the covenant of eternal love and mercy. Abel, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, and a host of patriarchs and prophets died in this faith, not having received the promises in their fulfilment, but seeing them afar off, and being persuaded of them, they embraced them and died in peace.

In fulness of time the promised seed appeared. God sent forth his Son, made of a woman—made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons; for to him gave all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.

Jesus of Nazareth, the long expected Messiah, lowly and abject in his birth, destitute and afflicted in his life, the servant of servants, the man of sorrows, the companion of grief, comes to bring salvation to a guilty world. He passes a season of temptation and suffering among men, attests his divine character and mission by mighty signs and wonders; and being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, into the power of men, is by wicked hands, crucified and slain.

Oh unexampled love!

Love no where to be found less than divine!  
Hail, Son of God! Saviour of men! Thy name  
Shall be the copious matter of my song  
Henceforth; and never shall my heart thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Yes, he was crucified, dead and buried. But (O, the unfathomable mystery of redemption!) his death was our life. In dying he conquered death. He descended into the grave, but it was to triumph over its inexorable dominion, and to lead captivity captive. He was delivered for our offences. He laid down his life. He had power to lay it down and he had power to take it again, but no man can take it from him. He died that we might live, and was raised again for our justification. He proved

himself to be the resurrection and the life, and left to his followers the blessed assurance that because he lives they shall live also. And now (such is the efficacy of his sufferings and death,) that whosoever believeth in him, though he be dead yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in him shall never die; thus life and immortality are brought to light. Death is divested of its sting, and the grave of its gloom and terror. And HOPE—bright, verdant, amaranthine Hope, fills the believer's soul with foretastes of heavenly blessedness.

The Cross on which the Son of God offered himself a sacrifice for sin is as the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. At its foot, life, light and joy spring up in undecaying verdure and unfading brightness. There is virtue in that cross to make the heaviest burden light; to scatter the deepest darkness; to transform the chief of sinners into a child of God, and to fill the chambers of death and the dark caverns of the tomb with the effulgence of heaven.

One of the sublimest conceptions of poetry is contained in that passage of *Paradise Lost*, which describes the effect produced upon the angelic host by the disclosure of the plan of redemption, and the consummation of Christ's mediatorial work.

The multitude of angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blessed voices, uttering joy, heaven rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled  
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent  
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
With solemn adoration, down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with AMARANTH and gold ;  
IMMORTAL AMARANTH ! A flower which once  
In Paradise—fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence  
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss, through midst of heaven,  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams ;  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone  
Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.  
Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony, they introduce  
Their sacred song and waken raptures high ;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

It is a beautiful idea of the poet that the AMARANTH (an emblem of immortality) was, during the brief season of man's innocence, a flower of



Eden; and that when for his disobedience, the doom of decay and death was pronounced upon him, and upon the world that was given him for his inhabitancy, that immortal plant was taken back to heaven, its native and appropriate soil.

The sacrifice of our adorable Redeemer has restored to his followers the hope of eternal life; and that hope, fast bound to the cross—the emblem of atoning mercy, fills the path-way of life with its amaranthine verdure and fragrance, and shall be a token, if not a crown, of victory to the dying believer.

## SHELLS.

BEAUTIFUL work of my Maker's hand !  
Shining wonders of sea and of land,  
So smoothly polished, so carefully wrought,  
That ye baffle the power of human thought !  
On your radiant hues I love to look  
And read a lesson from nature's own book.  
Ye are many, as sands by the ocean-side,  
And yet for you doth Jehovah provide—  
He clothed you with beauty ; endued you with life,  
And preserved you unhurt mid the elements' strife ;  
And myriads now as fair and as bright,  
In the depth of the ocean lie hid from our sight !  
Beautiful treasures of sea and of shore,  
He careth for you—but for us, how much more !

E. L.

## ANICA.

## NOT A DREAM.

It was a lovely night. The busy hum of the village was hushed. The moon had climbed above the mountain's summit, and thrown her magic tints upon the landscape. One of our party proposed a promenade. Bonnets and cashmeres were soon adjusted for protection against the falling dew, and our escort led the way, with hat in hand, until the gate closed after us. We strolled along the bank, overlooking a beautiful inland bay. The light was so pure as to render the features of the scene distinct to our vision, and its effects so enchanting, that we were tempted to prolong the enjoyment. Often did we pause to admire and wonder and adore, until the queen of night, walking in majesty, had reached her highest point, and, "in mid-heaven, her orb" seemed like "the eye

"Of Providence, wide watching from the sky,  
While nature slumbered"——

Suddenly, our attention was arrested by a voice of lamentation, and leaving my companions I hastened to the little enclosure whence the sound proceeded. A lady, in deep-mourning, lay prostrate on a new-made grave, embracing the sods that covered it, wildly exclaiming, "Anica! O my child—my child! Have I been the murderer of your precious soul! Tell me, Anica—are you happy—or are you miserable? Tell your wretched mother!" I recognised an old acquaintance, and attempted to raise her up; but she clung to that little mound with a frenzied grasp; and in mute astonishment I listened to the almost agonizing confession and appeals that were ever wrung from a mother's heart. She had no tears to shed. Hers was the burning anguish that drinketh up the spirit—the anguish of remorse! In that narrow cell, her hopes were all interred. She had buried her idol, and despair, like a scowling spectre, haunted her soul. She had no God to go to in her affliction. She had apostatized from the faith she had once professed, and rejected the gracious invitations of the Saviour to repent, return and live. She had trampled on the blood of the covenant, and "done despite unto the Spirit of grace." She felt that she could not lift her eyes to the throne of mercy, for she remembered that it was written, "Vengeance belongeth

unto me ; I will recompense, saith the Lord." When she had become so much exhausted as to offer no farther resistance, I gently raised her. The moon-beams fell upon her marble features ; her lips were cold and livid, and her eyes gleamed with an expression of unutterable horror. In vain did I attempt to sooth her—she dashed the cup of consolation from her lips.

I had known Anica in early childhood, when her rosy fingers gathered the violet and the jessamine ; when her fairy footsteps quickened in pursuit of the wanton butterfly, pausing, but still eluding her little out-stretched arms. Even now, her sylph-like form seems bounding before me with all the glee and animation of that perfect health which

" Bloomed on her cheek and brightened in her eye."

Yet in the midst of her sports, she always evinced an inquisitive mind, and would stop to examine whatever appeared new or curious—

" Now with young wonder touch the sliding snail,  
Admire his eye-tipped horns and painted mail."

And then, attracted by the buzz of a humming-bird, she would lean against the trellis to watch " the little dweller in the sun-beam, flitting from flower to flower," gathering nectared sweets ; now roving

on the wing with the rapidity of thought, then plunging headlong into the bignonia to pump out honied treasures with its long, cleft, tubular tongue.

She was indeed a lovely child. No cloudy frown was seen upon her sunny brow—nothing darker than the auburn curls which parted there, to cluster over her polished neck and shoulders. Bright as a cherub, gay visions of the future were always dancing in her young imagination. She possessed that peculiar sweetness and vivacity which gave a pleasing turn to every incident, contributing to the happiness of all around her, and rendering her an object of general interest among the friends of her family. To her observing and devoted parents each day developed some new trait or talent which they treasured up as bright precursors of the consummation of their hopes, resolving to afford her every facility for a highly finished education. After much consulting, it was decided that the genial clime of France, and its celebrated institutions of learning, would be most favourable to the intellectual expansion of this child of promise. There too she would acquire all the external polish and graces so essential to the elevated sphere in which she was destined to move, and Rouen was fixed upon for Anica.

I never think of Rouen without a train of gloomy

associations. It was there the young enthusiast Joan of Arc was delivered to the Inquisition. Devotion to her country, to the descendant of St. Louis, and the sacred lilies, had induced her, at the age of eighteen, to appear at the head of an army bearing the sword and sacred banner, animating the besieged to 'deeds of noble daring,' which ultimately achieved the coronation of Charles VII. She became a prisoner of war—was sold to Henry VI.—accused by her own countrymen—condemned by her church as a heretic—and sentenced by the Inquisition at Rouen to be burnt for sorcery by a slow fire, and her ashes to be thrown into the Seine. When the fatal cap was placed upon her head she said to her attendants, "By the grace of God I shall this evening be in Paradise." The sentence was fully executed. Yet after this horrible transaction, Pope Calixtus III. committed a revision of the process against Joan to the Archbishop of Rheims, the Bishop of Paris and Constance, and a member of the Inquisition; who, when they had strictly investigated the whole matter, pronounced the articles against her false, and declared her entirely innocent. Her statue still remains in Rouen, with her coat of arms containing two golden lilies and a sword pointing upward, bearing a crown. Perhaps Anica's sensa-

tions on seeing the statue, and learning the history of the poor infatuated Maid of Orleans, partook of the sombre character described above. Certain it is, that when she found herself immured in a convent in Rouen, as a pupil, and her parents were bidding her adieu, her pleadings were most eloquent that the arrangement might be reversed. But the fiat was passed, and there was no revocation. The stipulated term rolled heavily away in this seclusion, and she was removed to Paris, where she enjoyed every advantage that wealth could furnish for the successful cultivation of her native powers. Her industry and application were unparalleled among her associates. The facility with which she acquired knowledge, and performed her various exercises, was considered by them, a kind of magic ; and so it was. The magic of a system, well arranged and uniformly and zealously pursued. Anica rose at four in the morning, even in the depth of winter, and having a place for every thing, and stated hours appropriated to the several divisions of study, "no moment" was expended "but in purchase of its worth." She was never satisfied with superficial attainments, and her unwearied application yielded a rich reward.

Blest with a fine constitution, and having a taste for natural history, her health was no doubt pre-



served in vigour by frequent exercise in the Paris Gardens.

"The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns."

Frivolous amusements, merely calculated to dissipate the mind, presented few attractions to Anica, and her plan was so adjusted that even her hours for recreation contributed to mental improvement.

At that period the Garden of Plants was considered the most complete in Europe. Here was the cedar of Lebanon towering in majesty "with fair branches and a shadowy shroud," which had been brought in a flower-pot and planted by Jussieu in 1736; and here was the humble creeper, dragging "her feeble stem along the ground." In this magnificent garden, the counterfeit of nature's wilderness, she became a botanist. And with the phraseology of Jussieu, on the principles of whose system the garden was established, she was perfectly familiar. She loved the "green-house too, where bloomed exotic beauty." Here she would linger with her microscope, and while examining the minuter touches of nature's pencil, she could not but observe the tiny inmates of those splendid floral palaces.

"Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,  
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light;

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
Their glittering texture of the filmy dew,  
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,  
Where light disports in ever mingling dyes;  
While every beam new transient colours brings,  
Colours that change, whene'er they wave their wings!"

This led to the study of Entomology, which she pursued with her accustomed avidity. Ornithology next engaged her attention. And here, birds of all descriptions—graceful or gorgeous—diminutive or stately, were to be found among the groves and terraces.

An extensive menagerie occupied a part of the garden, so admirably adapted to its object, that animals from various climes were made to feel themselves at home by artificial arrangements, which gave full scope to her zoological inquiries. Here she would see the elephant with ponderous step leaving his lofty apartment, through folding doors opening into a wild area, containing smooth banks and a mimic lake, in which he daily plunged after basking in the morning sunshine until his skin became dry and heated. The mild and timid giraffe, presented by the Pacha of Egypt, browsing upon the tender twigs and herbage, as much at ease as in its own dense forest. The camel here had found a cool retreat, no longer cheated by the illu-

sive mirage, nor threatened by the "fierce Simoon" or deadly chamseen. The milk-white goat of Cachmire with its long silky covering—the deer and antelope climbing the massy rocks or resting under the lime-trees, and each the monarch of some cot or castle ; while the carnivorous animals were confined by iron gratings. Here, attended by her indulgent father, she would occupy her leisure hours ; or in the museum examining the richness and variety of its specimens. Such were Anica's recreations during her six years pupilage in Paris. And from these she would return invigorated to her ordinary studies, which she prosecuted with intense assiduity. She excelled in music, and her drawings displayed the finest taste and execution.

In Anica, great personal attractions were combined with an exquisite delicacy of feeling and deportment. She never evinced a consciousness of superiority, but by weeping over those whose dulness became conspicuous when unavoidably contrasted with her acquirements. At an examination, where various premiums were successively awarded to Anica by impartial judges, while the hearts of her parents were glowing with rapture, the big tears trembled in her dark blue eyes ; and she became so agitated that permission was given her to retire. Her mother, alarmed at her protracted absence, went

in search of her, and might have sought in vain, but for the sobs which could not be suppressed. When she affectionately insisted on knowing the cause of this uneasiness, Anica replied that she could not refrain from weeping when they were giving her so many premiums, while some of her class-mates, who ardently desired them, must be so sadly disappointed. Her gentleness and suavity conciliated the affections, and she was thus happily exempted from those envyings which her elevated standing might otherwise have occasioned. And thus she pursued her onward course, delighting and astonishing friends and preceptors with her rapid proficiency, until her education was nearly completed; and her parents, actuated by one soul-absorbing interest, were making preparations for spending a few months in Italy, intending subsequently, to make the grand tour of Europe, that the highest possible finish might be given to this idol of their affections, desirous that others should worship at the same shrine with themselves. They never seemed to think that she was mortal. With them, this "life had sown her joys so thick," the "thought of death" could find no room to enter. Even in her infancy, while they caressed the babe and gazed upon her beauty, no grateful thoughts ascended to Heaven for the precious gift. They

had received her as entirely their own, and heard not the voice of the giver, saying, "Nurse this child for me and I will pay thee thy wages;" no fearful weight of responsibility rested on their spirits. And their illusion continued. Religion, therefore, found no place in their system of education; a defect so great that Eternity alone can unfold its magnitude. "Holiness to the Lord" was never written upon their domestic arrangements. No altar was there erected for the morning and the evening sacrifice. And having "no fear of God before their eyes," they seemed totally unconscious that wisdom from Him above, to guide their daughter in the way of truth, was at all essential to the perfection of her character. Under such tuition, we cannot wonder that there should have been a dreadful vacuity even in the intelligent mind of Anica; God was not in all her thoughts. The beauty and variety of natural objects interested her, and from nature's ample page, she added to her stock of useful knowledge; but she studied and admired with the coolness of philosophy. No "ray of heavenly light" gilded their forms. It did not occur to her to inquire "who gave its lustre to an insect's wing?" She had never been taught that

"Nature is but a name for an effect  
Whose cause is God."

She had studied "heaven's golden alphabet," and loved astronomy as a science, but never read in those emblazed capitals a declaration of the glory of God; nor discovered in the laws by which they were governed, an exhibition of his handy work. She never inquired who hangeth the earth upon nothing? Nor, who hath set a tabernacle for the sun, and ordained the moon and the stars? The exclamation of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all," might have been quite strange to her. And so would have been the assurance we have that "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all his work." I have given the history of only six days in the week. Anica was never taught to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." She was not led to the house of God, to worship in the beauty of holiness, and to be instructed in the things of His kingdom. She never enjoyed the privilege of a Sunday-School, nor the benefit of those precious volumes which constitute so large a part of our invaluable juvenile libraries. How then, it may be asked, could she have been occupied during the Sabbath which is to be sanctified by a holy resting even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful.

on other days; when we are to know God by "not doing our own ways, nor finding our own pleasure, nor speaking our own words?" (Isa. lviii. 13.) If she neither read the Bible, nor attended worship, nor the Sabbath-school, nor had good books at home, how did she spend those sacred hours? I can only reply,—the pleasure gardens, the promenades, the gay streets and worldly amusements of Paris, absorbed them all.

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"Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour."

Taught to think of this world only, and preparing to shine in the gayest scenes of fashionable life, Anica was "quite unfurnished for the world to come." In the providence of God, however, she was called to severe suffering. A violent inflammation, proceeding from a very slight cause, terminated fatally. No alarm was felt respecting her until the disease had gained too much power to be overcome. When her danger was fully apprehended, the anguish of her parents was indescribable. All that could be done by medical skill or

unwearied care and tenderness, to check the progress of the disease, to save her life or alleviate her pain, was done, but it was too late. Her fair and graceful form was soon and sadly changed. Her parents stood over her hour after hour, in fearful suspense, as the current of her life slowly ebbed. At length the last glimmering ray of hope is extinguished. And who is it that in agony of soul now calls for the neglected Bible—remembering that Jesus once had said, “I am the resurrection and the life?” It is her mother! The closing scene approaches, and the ravings of delirium are heard — But we will not trespass on that hour of domestic anguish.

All that remained of Anica was placed in a leaden coffin, enclosed in a sarcophagus, and carried to a ship in which the bereaved and desolated parents embarked for their native country. A dreary voyage brought them to the land of her birth, and a messenger was despatched to a distant village to make preparations for the funeral rites.

It was late in the evening, and a storm was gathering, when the tolling of a bell, borne over the waters, gave signal that a barge, bearing the remains of Anica and a group of mourners, was approaching the shore, which was lined by persons whom sympathy had assembled, awaiting its reception.



They bore their "treasure through the midnight gloom!" A long procession followed, bearing lanterns which deepened the awful impressiveness of the solemnity—and while we stood by the cold damp grave performing the last sad offices, the moaning blasts of the night mingling with the suffocating sobs of the funeral circle, filled every heart with a deep consciousness of desolation. I thought, poor wretched parents! Surely *Eternity* was too near, to have given so much to *Time*! My tears fell upon the clods that were thrown upon her coffin—and when I turned from the sad scene, I said—Lovely Anica! How fitted mightest thou have been to adorn and bless a world in which thou hast only found *a grave*!

It was on this grave that the distracted mother was wasting her strength in loud lamentations, and spending, in vain regrets, that breath which should have been employed in prayer and instruction and entreaty, to save her daughter from the perdition of the ungodly. O that worldly mothers would look to the end of these things, and if they would have their daughters to become as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace, let them be led, in the days of childhood, to know and serve the God of Israel.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO \*\*\*\*\* AND HIS WIFE, ON THEIR INTENDED DEPARTURE  
FROM ENGLAND, TO RETURN TO THEIR MISSIONARY STATION IN THE  
SOUTH SEAS.

WHENE'ER from Christian friends you part,  
Still may their love your steps attend,  
And while you bear them in your heart,  
The Lord be with you to the end.

Friends part ; they die and pass away ;  
The dearest only leaves a name ;  
But Jesus Christ is yesterday,  
To-day and evermore the same.

Friendship on earth is heavenly sweet ;  
For one in Him, in Him we meet,  
*Here*, when we seek the throne of grace,  
*There*, when we see Him face to face.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## THE ASS;

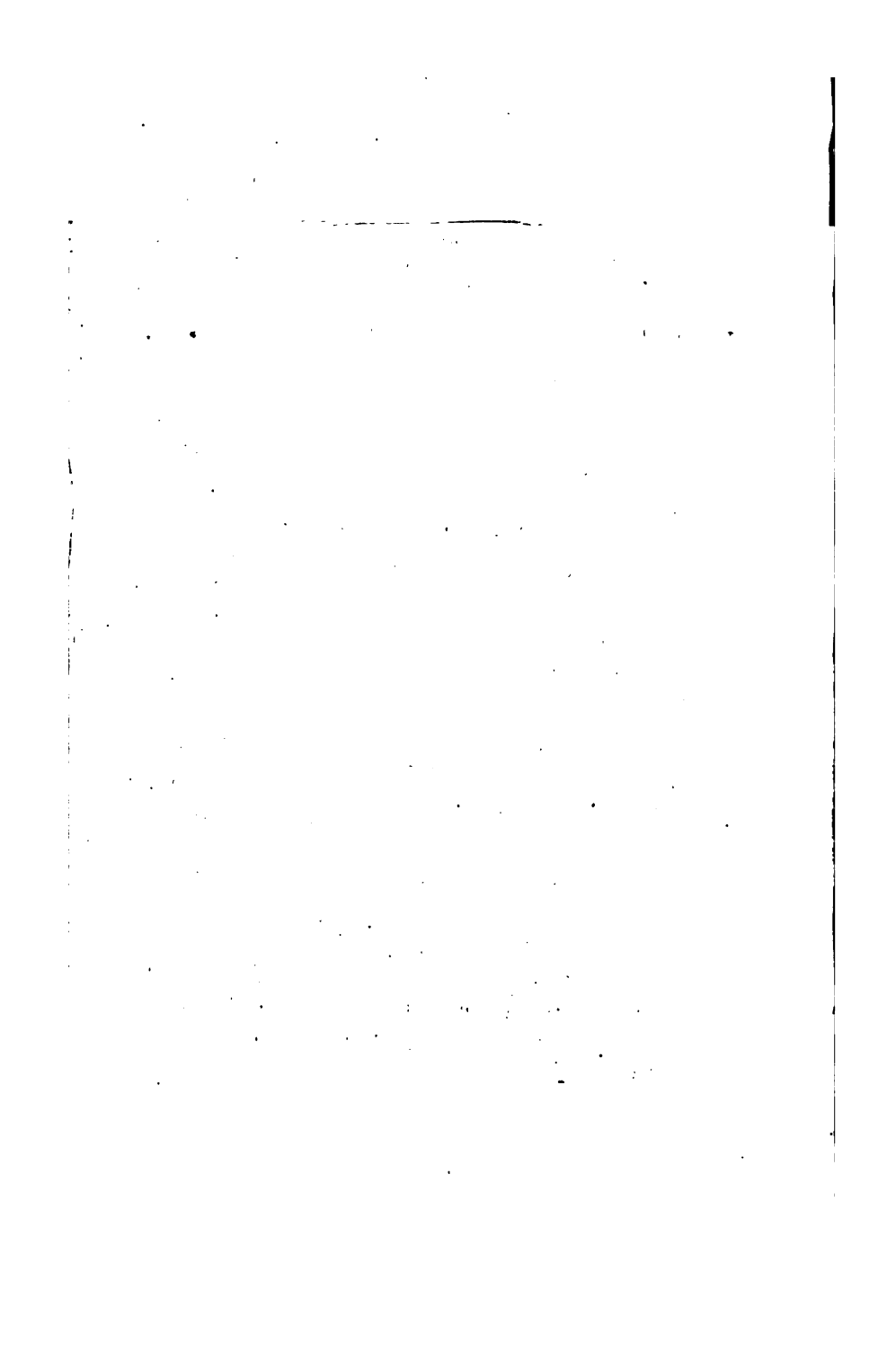
OR,

## DAPPLE AND HER FRIENDS.

OLD Mr. Early, the schoolmaster, used to advise his scholars always to keep their eyes open when they went abroad; by which he meant that they should pay attention to every thing which fell in their way, during their walks and plays. He also told them to take special notice of those things in the natural world which could remind them of things in the spiritual world. "If you have the Bible in your head and heart," he would say, "you can scarcely walk five steps without finding something which may be connected with what you have read."

If the sun rose while they were walking upon the hill, he would tell them how that sight should remind them of the Sun of Righteousness. The



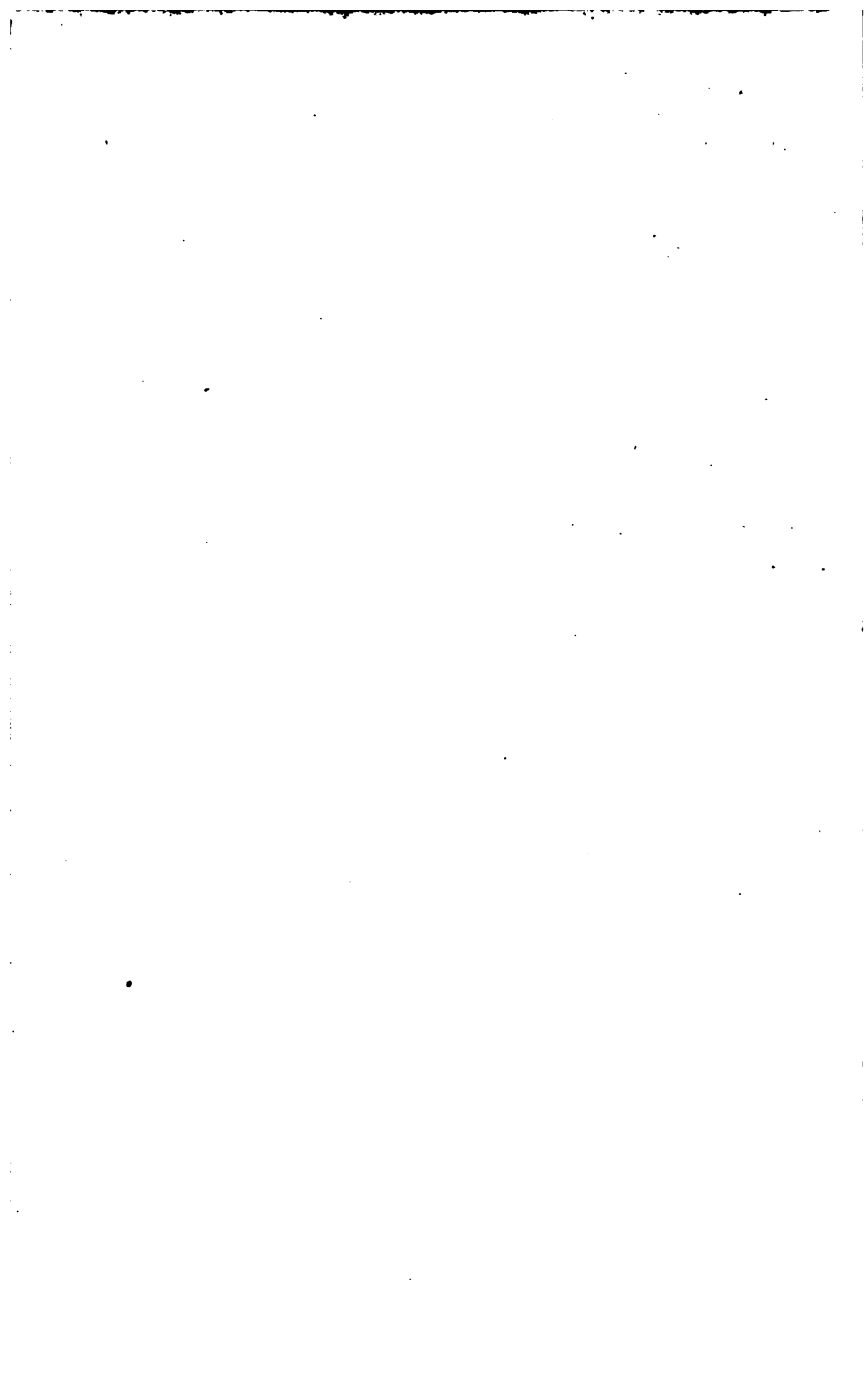




A. S. S. T.

THE DONKEY AND THE CHILD.

1756



multitude of stars on a fine, cloudless winter's night led him to speak of Abraham, and God's promise to him about his seed, and likewise about true Christians shining like stars in the firmament of glory.

As the old gentleman was once walking in the neighbourhood of the city, he pointed out to his young pupils many interesting and instructive objects, and reminded them of what he had said about the reflections which may be suggested to a pious mind by the humblest objects. "It is God's world, my children," said he, "and the same divine wisdom made the Bible that made the world. It is no wonder, therefore, that there should be so much in one to put you in mind of the other."

Just then several of the boys had their attention drawn to a patient, weary-looking donkey, standing near the door of a gardener's shed. Though the day was exceedingly cold, the quiet creature stood as if she would have kept the same position all day long. Now and then she would put her head to the ground and crop the root-leaves of beets and parsnips which two children were taking from a pannier that stood against the wall. These little ones, whose arms and noses were almost as red as the beets, seemed to bear the cold without



shivering; and the boys were amused to see how attentive they were to their inoffensive neighbour. They smoothed down her face, untangled her shaggy mane, stroked and patted her sides, and coaxed her as if she had been a human friend. "Poor Dapple, good old Dapple," they would say, "you shall have plenty to eat, for you have been to town more than ten times to-day, and you must be tired. And when Jack comes in you shall have a pail full of water."

"It is pleasant," said Mr. Early, "to see the kindness of these children to a poor dumb creature, let us see how many pence you can raise among you, to bestow upon them. It is a good sign to find humane feelings in children towards domestic animals. Cruelty to brutes commonly ends in cruelty to men. It is not only foolish but cowardly, to seek amusement, as some boys do, in tearing the wings from flies, or throwing them to spiders, or sticking pins through bugs and beetles. Larger boys are still more to blame when they throw at poor forlorn cats, or tease and vex every strange dog that comes in their way. If I see a drayman beating his horse over the head, I set him down as an unfeeling man, who, upon provocation, would do the like to me."

Here Samuel Steel smiled and said, "I see, Mr.

Early, you can preach a little sermon to us about as humble a creature as this; I only wonder you have not found something to say out of the Bible."

"All in good time," said the old gentleman, who already had his spectacles on, and his pocket-bible in his hand; "it is a very good time to fix this text in your mind: *A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Prov. xii. 10. And you remember perhaps that the Israelites were forbidden to muzzle the ox when he was threshing the grain, by treading it out; a most humane provision, though it seems to relate to so small a thing. Deut. xxv. 4."

One of the smaller boys said that he thought there was a good deal in the Bible about this particular animal. "It is mentioned," said he, "in the tenth commandment."

"Very true," replied Mr. Early, "there is no domestic animal which is more widely spread, or of which greater use is made in the Eastern countries. It is always mentioned among the wealth of pastoral nations. It is thus joined with the camel and the ox, in the case of Abram, Isaac, Jacob, and Job. Gen. xii. 16, xxiv. 35, xxx. 43, xxxii. 5. The ass is a nobler animal in

the East than it is in Europe or America, and for this reason they do not use the name, as we do, to designate a blockhead. Some of these days you will read in Homer's *Iliad*, how the poet does not hesitate to compare Ajax to an ass. It is thus in the translation of Pope, who takes all the liberty he can, to suit our western notions :

"As the slow beast with heavy strength endued  
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,  
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,  
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain ;  
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,  
The patient animal maintains his ground ;  
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chased,  
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last."

*ILIAD*, xi. 682.

The boys were much amused with this comparison, and could not help thinking the poet meant to have a sly joke upon his hero, but Mr. Early declared that there was less appearance of this in the Greek than in the English. They all thought however that they would not like to ride through town on a donkey.

"Yet nothing," said Mr. Early, "is more common in the East. The ass is the animal most commonly used for riding among the Orientals ;

and it is valued highly for its sureness of foot in mountainous countries. The instances of this in the scriptures are very numerous. We find the family of Moses riding in this way. Ex. iv. 20. And you know how miraculously Balaam was reproved by the animal on which he was riding. Num. xxii. 28. Jair the Gileadite, who was one of the judges of Israel, had thirty sons that rode on thirty ass-colts. Judg. x. 4. Eastern ladies have for many ages used the same mode of conveyance. Jos. xv. 18. 1 Sam. xxv. 23."

"I should like to know," said Samuel Steel, "whether they used to saddle them as we do horses?"

"It is said by the learned," said Mr. Early, "that a single cloth or other covering was used instead of a saddle. This was probably stuffed and quilted, and in some cases highly adorned. This covering is however in our version called a saddle. I suppose you know that the ancients rode without any thing like our *stirrups*, even on horseback. Among the many hundreds of horsemen represented on the Elgin Marbles, and other Greek remains, we find nothing like a stirrup. You will therefore find no word for 'stirrup' in ancient Hebrew, Greek, or Latin."

The smaller boys were surprised at this, and

wondered whether there could be any good riding without stirrups, but Samuel Steel and William Snell laughed, and said they had often rode 'bare-back' themselves; and Mr. Early assured them that there were perhaps never better riders in the world than among the ancient warriors and huntsmen; and told them that Xenophon, the celebrated general and historian, wrote a book expressly on horsemanship. He further related to them that the ancients did not commonly shoe their horses. And then they had a talk about the fabulous creatures called Centaurs, whom the poets and sculptors represented as half man and half horse. The fable is said to have arisen from the mistake of ignorant and fearful people, who saw at a distance the Thessalians mounted on horses; for it was by this people that the horse is said to have been first tamed.

"When an Eastern woman goes out riding," said Mr. Early, "she is commonly veiled from head to foot, and the beast is not guided by herself, but by the ass-driver, who walks by the side, or behind. So when the Shunammite went to visit Elisha, *'she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee.'* 2 Kings iv. 24. Asses are employed for carrying heavy burdens

even on long journeys, and sometimes, though more rarely, for plowing and drawing light vehicles. A very common use to which the ass is put, is to turn a small mill. So you see this despised animal is really very useful."

"But then," said one of the boys, "it could not be used in war, like the noble horse."

"They seem to have been present in war sometimes. 2 Kings vii. 7. No doubt even here they were used to carry burdens. The prophet Isaiah in foretelling the fall of Babylon by the Medes and Persians, speaks of a chariot of asses. Is. xxi. 7. We have reason to believe that the Persian king Cyrus had troops who rode upon asses. Strabo tells us that the Caramanians, who were subject to the Persians, made the same use of them; and Herodotus declares that Darius the Great rode upon an ass in one of his battles with the Scythians. So you see the poor donkey is more honoured too than you had thought."

Upon this a meek looking little lad, who had profited by the Sunday-school, remarked in a slender voice, that a greater than Darius had rode upon an ass. And when he was questioned further, he said that he meant the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Luke, that is very well said," added Mr. Early.

“We know of no other animal so honoured. The ass and foal seem also to have been provided in a manner quite supernatural; and this regal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem is one of the brightest scenes in his earthly history. Multitudes preceded, surrounded, and followed him, spreading boughs and laying their garments in his way, and crying, *Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.* Matt. xxi. 1—11. And you will do well to observe that this is one of the particulars in the history of the Redeemer, which was minutely foretold six hundred years before. For the prophet Zechariah declared, *Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.* Zech. ix. 9.”

Thus the conversation proceeded, until Mr. Early had recited to his boys twenty or thirty places in the Scripture where this animal is mentioned. He did not forget the prophetic declaration of dying Jacob concerning his son Issachar, nor the request of Caleb's daughter, nor the thousand men killed with a single bone, nor the ramble of the son of Kish, when he found a kingdom in looking for his father's asses. And the boys agreed in

thinking that all these stories were very entertaining, very instructive, and very much neglected. Thus far their conversation had all occurred during their rapid walk into the country. They kept themselves warm, though it was a very cold day, by their active motion. At length it was time for them to return, and as they came in sight of the gardener's house, they were pleased to observe poor Dapple just returning from another trip, and the little children ready to receive her.

"There is Dapple and her friends!" cried the boys.

"Sure enough," said Mr. Early, "and I think after the conversation she has occasioned, we may all number ourselves among her friends."

In order to vary the subject of their thoughts, the good old gentleman was pleased to repeat to his boys a number of stanzas from a very singular poem by Wordsworth, entitled "Peter Bell." "You must not laugh at it, my boys, though it has occasioned great disputes among the critics; it will serve to show you that as common a creature as this may figure in the work of a great poet." The story was one of much interest to the boys, though they did not care particularly about the poetry. But they felt both story and poetry, when it came to the place where Peter arrives at the cottage,



riding on the ass which had belonged to the cottager, and when the little boy, who had been looking for his murdered father, thinking that he had now returned, rushes out to caress the animal.

‘He sees the ass—and nothing living  
Had ever such a fit of joy  
As hath this little orphan boy  
For he has no misgiving.

“Towards the gentle Ass he springs,  
And up about his neck he climbs ;  
In loving words, he talks to him,  
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—  
He kisses him a thousand times !

When the boys reached home, and were gathered around the bright coal-fire, with the tea-urn smoking on the table, and the curtains down, and the glow of cheerful health in every countenance, they talked over their evening’s walk, and agreed that there is profit and pleasure to be derived from the humblest objects. This is only a specimen of the way in which this pleasant old man was accustomed to give instructions. It was part of his creed, that the Bible should be put into the hands of youth from the beginning, and that they should be taught to connect every thing with the Bible. Hence his scholars became thoroughly

acquainted not only with the narrative, but the chronology, the geography, and the natural history of the Scriptures. The method of Mr. Early is not an imaginary one, and it is worthy of being tried by every reader of these pages.

## TO JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.,

OF THE MOUNT, NEAR SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

DEAR SIR,

In your interesting letter, just received, you say you have read, what you are pleased to call, "The beautiful stanzas 'Morn,'"—and to add, "The critics who have mistaken them for mine, have done me honour; but I willingly forego the claim, and am happy to recognise a sister-poet in the writer, to whom, though a stranger, I offer my respectful regards."

Such kind and unexpected notice from my favorite muse, and one who has ministered perhaps more than any other, in kindling within me the poetic flame, induces me to inscribe to you the following lines, not because of their merit, but merely as connected with that subject which in another part of your letter you say, "refreshed your mind with the revival of long forgotten, though early known circumstances in the history of that Christian people (the United Brethren) among

whom I was born." Among that "Christian people," Sir, I spent part of my youthful days, and received my education, together with impressions, concerning their worth and wisdom, which time only deepens. To that early bias, and the affections which it generates, may be ascribed this poem; and were it only worthy of the subject, to whom could it be dedicated with so much propriety as him who has even added to the honour with which the Moravian name and character is regarded in all the earth?

Yours with great respect,

THE AUTHOR OF "MORN."

Easton, Pa.

### GNADENHUTTEN.

Many years before the revolutionary war, and while the Aborigines held possession of all but the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania, the United Brethren, or Moravians, those hardy and indefatigable missionary pioneers, had formed and occupied a station on the river Lehigh, then known as a branch of the Delaware, about thirty miles above the Borough of Easton. This flourishing town, which has since been erected, lies in a beautiful amphitheatre, washed on three sides by rivers and

surrounded by hills, at the confluence of the Delaware and Lehigh, on the very spot which Brainerd, in his journal, calls the "Forks of the Delaware."

Easton and its immediate vicinity constitute the centre of one of the most interesting regions of scenery and history, whether to the poet or painter—the moral or natural philosopher, which this country possesses. On the lovely spot, where the town now stands, did the Indians in days of yore, erect their bark booths, and while the whole circumjacent region was literally "a howling wilderness," did the apostolic Brainerd make his home among them, for the pious purpose of telling them of Him, whose blood "taketh away the sin of the world;" and here, on this very spot, did that holy man, as he tells us in his journal, retire to his tent, faint and weary and disappointed, to pour out his tears and prayers before God, on account of the apparently utter failure of all his labours, inasmuch as they continued to worship devils. And yet, how great the change! On this same spot we have now a number of flourishing churches in which the doctrines of the cross are preached from Sabbath to Sabbath. Indeed, this entire place known as "the Forks of the Delaware," in which Easton lies, as if consecrated by the abode and doings of

that holy man, is not only "beautiful for situation," but likely to become the joy of the whole region, because God is known there in the enlightening and spiritualizing influences of divine truth.

On one of the numerous mounts by which Easton is surrounded, all of them commanding extensive and beautiful views, stands "Lafayette College," raised there upon the earthly theatre of David Brainerd's labours, for the purpose, it is hoped, of directing many generations, by the path which he trod, to the reward which he now, through grace, enjoys on Mount Zion above. After leaving Easton, a few miles to the north we reach the justly celebrated scenery of the *Water Gap*, where the Delaware forces its passage through the blue mountain or Kittatiny ridge, giving the impression, by the geological character of the country immediately beyond the *Gap*, of the existence, at some former period, of a large lake. A few miles northwest, still keeping Easton as a centre, is the house originally erected by Count Zinzendorf for his own residence, but subsequently used as a church for the inhabitants of the pleasant and peaceful little Moravian village of Nazareth. Within sight of Nazareth, and now owned by the United Brethren, is the building which Whitefield raised for his long-contemplated Orphan Asylum. West of Eas-

ton, about twelve miles, is another of Brainerd's stations, as he journeyed to the valley of the Susquehannah in the vicinity of Berwick, where he spent part of his time.

The scenery of this whole region, especially of the three rivers by which Easton is peninsulated, is all of a most interesting character. The Lehigh, to which our subject confines us, is particularly so, in the whole of its scenery from its rise up among the mountains, north-east of the lovely and classic valley of Wyoming, with its hospitable and refined population, down to its junction with the Delaware.

About mid way up this stream was the missionary station, to which we have alluded, founded by the Moravians, for the purpose of christianizing the Indians, and called by the very significant and expressive title of "*Gnadenhutten*," or the "*House of Grace*." Here in this wild wilderness do we, at this early day, find a people, who, though but a short time known in their distinctive character, have in their holy and commendable zeal nearly circumnavigated the world in a voyage of mercy, illustrating what Mr. Montgomery says in the letter alluded to above, that they "had scarcely, as a small band of fugitives from persecution in Moravia, found rest for the soles of their feet; when the mighty and mysterious hand which had planted them in a

forest of Lusatia, 'sowed them in the earth,' as 'a seed to serve him,' in the east, and in the west, in the north, and in the south, and has caused their offspring to flourish most abundantly, in climates the most ungenial, and among gentiles the most barbarian, or, as in the West Indies, the most oppressed."

Let us for a moment pause and contemplate the fact here presented. Let us turn aside and behold this strange sight, similar perhaps both in character and significance to that once seen on Midian's plain many a century ago. While this region was a wilderness, populated by savages, there were educated and intellectual men from Germany, then and still one of the most refined and enlightened nations of the earth, who came and took up their abode here, with nothing else to prompt them but pure and unmingled philanthropy ! Does the most enlightened and classic heathenism or infidelity know any thing experimentally about such a system as this ? It is said that the ancient Egyptians, who first established public libraries, kept them free to all and always open, with this inscription over their doors, "*Medicine for the Mind*," and the idea thereby presented is certainly beautiful ; but how much more grand and sublime and heavenly is the picture of a moral and spiritual refuge in the howling wilderness !—a



*Gnadenhutten* in the desert, public and open to all, even the prowling savage, labelled with this inscription, "*Medicine for the Soul!*" What a wonderful thing is Christianity! How evident its credentials! How palpable its authority! How benignant its spirit, and how prolific in blessedness! How like the monarch of the material world, which shines as warmly and brightly on the desert of the savage, as on the domain of the civilized!

On a night in the fall of 1755 this interesting missionary establishment was unexpectedly attacked by a hostile band of savages. The accounts of this mournful and bloody tragedy, are, of course, at this distance of time and in the absence of authentic records, various. They all agree however in regard to its issue, which was the entire destruction of the establishment with its inmates.

One of the legends which exists in the neighbourhood, and upon which the following ballad is founded, says that the youthful wife of one of the missionaries, in the midst of the tragic excitement, seized, what she supposed to be, her only child, and was successful, amid the clouds of the night, in making her escape from the mission-house, and taking refuge in a covert hard by, where she lay with her dear little one clasped to her bosom, till morning revealed the awful fact, that in the midst

of carnage and darkness, she had borne away the child of a pious resident Indian, and left her own to perish by the flame or the scalping-knife ! She was soon however discovered, and released from both mental and bodily suffering by the tomahawk of a savage Indian, thus rejoining, in a brighter world, those from whom she had but a few hours been separated !

## PART I.

'Twas eve—the balmy breath of flowers  
Came sweetly floating on the breeze ;  
The recent rain-drops gemmed the bowers,  
And glistened on the leafy trees.

And far into the Eastern sky  
The threatening thunder-cloud had gone,  
Upon whose dusky canopy  
The radiant bow of promise shone.

The setting sun beamed broad and bright,  
And far the lengthening shadow cast ;  
On Gnadenhutzen's tower-crowned height,  
He lingered long to look his last.

And seldom had his parting ray  
To light a lovelier scene, been given,  
Since first he trod his radiant way  
Across the azure vault of heaven.

For not on hill and vale and stream,  
And glittering leaf and sacred tower  
Alone, was shed his evening beam,—  
It lit devotion's hallowed hour.

For there was heard the solemn bell,  
That told of peace and rest and prayer;  
And there arose the anthem's swell,  
And holy words were spoken there.

And there the forest-warrior stood,  
With bow unstrung and humbled pride;  
And longing there for heavenly food,  
The dark browed matron pressed his side.

And tottering age and vigorous youth,  
And childhood with its steadfast gaze,  
Heard wondrous words of heavenly truth,  
And knelt in prayer and joined in praise.

And o'er the heaven-directing page,  
The man of God enraptured hung;  
While wisdom's aphorisms sage  
Distilled like honey from his tongue.

And many a holy look was given,  
To him that bent that look above;  
His brow was bright with light from heaven,  
His soul with heaven's all-brightening love.

And had he ever known an hour,  
Less holy, less serene than this—  
If sin's dark shade or sorrow's shower,  
Had ever stained that brow of his,

Like yon dark thunder-cloud 'tis past,  
And brilliantly upon its breast,  
Through tears of woe had mercy cast,  
A glittering bow of peace and rest!

Why had this holy wanderer come,  
O'er desert-land and pathless sea?  
Why had he left his own bright home—  
His father-land, famed Germany?

Why far into this desert wild,  
From the refined abodes of men,  
With his loved wife and only child,  
Sought he the distant forest glen ?

His hopes had bridged the boundless deep—  
The gulf 'twixt earth and Eden's bowers ;  
And his heart longed to lead Christ's sheep  
From Dead-sea fruits to Eden's flowers.

Nor he alone—for she who strove—  
And lingered on Moriah's hill,  
When stronger nerves, but weaker love,  
Had left the foe to do his will—

Yes, she whose panegyric is,  
*Last at the cross, first at the grave,*  
Had shared his toil and deemed it bliss,  
The sons of savage sires to save.

And that young matron's brow was fair,  
Half hid 'neath locks of golden sheen—  
And lovely as a thing of air,  
Was little, rosy Wilhelmine.

With wavy curls of flaxen hair—  
And forehead rising pure and high ;—  
And breast as mountain's snow-wreaths fair,—  
And eyes like stars in winter's sky ;

Fair, buoyant, bright and beautiful—  
A brilliant thing of smiles and bliss—  
A soul, of heaven's own light too full,  
To linger in a world like this.

And soon was that immortal flower—  
That bud of beauty, lent, not given,  
From blighting sin and sorrow's shower  
Transplanted safe to bloom in heaven !

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## PART II.

'Twas night—the skies were cloudless blue,  
And all around was hushed and still,  
Save paddle of the light canoe,  
And wailing of the whip-poor-will,

The moon was like a silver thread,  
Just sinking in the green wood's bosom;  
And swift from heaven the night-dews sped,  
With pearly gifts for leaf and blossom.

And soft as balmy dews of night,  
Upon the beauteous blossom's breast  
Came slumber, and her finger light  
On every closing eyelid pressed.

'Twas noon of night—no sound arose—  
The weary eye forgot its weeping;  
And wrapped in bonds of bland repose,  
The aged and the young lay sleeping.

But hark! upon the startled air,  
Wild, unexpected howlings rise;  
The lurid conflagration's glare  
Is brightening all the midnight skies.

Up! sleepers up! awake, and fly,  
By the dread lamp your foes have lighted!  
To the dark-green wood's bosom hie;  
Your homes are gone—your hopes are blighted!

Up ! sleepers, up ! away, away,  
A canopy of smoke is o'er you ;  
Fierce, fiery streamers round you play,  
The fiercer savage is before you.

Perchance, some home-fraught dream of joy,  
In slumber's silken chain had bound them ;—  
They wake, 'tis but to hear the cry,  
Of savage slaughter raging round them !

They wake, 'tis but to see the arm  
Of death above each brow impending—  
Vain, vain each shriek of wild alarm ;  
And vain each prayer for life ascending.

They died, as Christian martyrs die,  
Their latest thought to God was given—  
One shuddering thrill of agony,  
Then everlasting life in heaven !

And perished all ? One matron fled,  
Escaping both the brand and arrow ;  
And through the midnight forest sped,  
Weary and weak, in pain and sorrow.



Nor fled alone—in wild distress,  
A little one she fondly pressed,  
Slumbering in blest unconsciousness,  
Rocked by the throbbings of her breast.

For where the work of death was rife ;  
Midst savage yell and hopeless prayer,  
She boldly sought the thickest strife,  
And found that infant slumbering there.

Trembling, beneath a shed she crept,  
The babe still hushed upon her bosom,  
Restrained her bursting heart, nor wept,  
Fearing to wake her beauteous blossom.

And from her wretched hiding place,  
Heard every yell of savage slaughter ;  
And closer clasped in her embrace,  
The babe she deemed her fair-haired daughter.

At length the long night passed away,  
The morning rose in all its glory,  
But smouldering ruins met its ray,  
And corpses cold and pale and gory.

A midnight stillness reigned around,  
The savage foe had fled afar ;  
The mountain stream with moaning sound,  
Went wailing by the field of war.

Up rose that matron young and pale,  
With trembling limb and beating heart—  
Why burst that wild shriek on the gale ?—  
And whence that horror-speaking start ? —

Oh ! that the bitterness—the tears,  
A life of common woe hath in it—  
That agony, too much for years,  
Should be concentrated in a minute !

She gazed upon that infant's face,  
With speechless, hopeless, wild despair ;  
Clasped to her breast in fond embrace,  
An Indian babe lay nestling there !

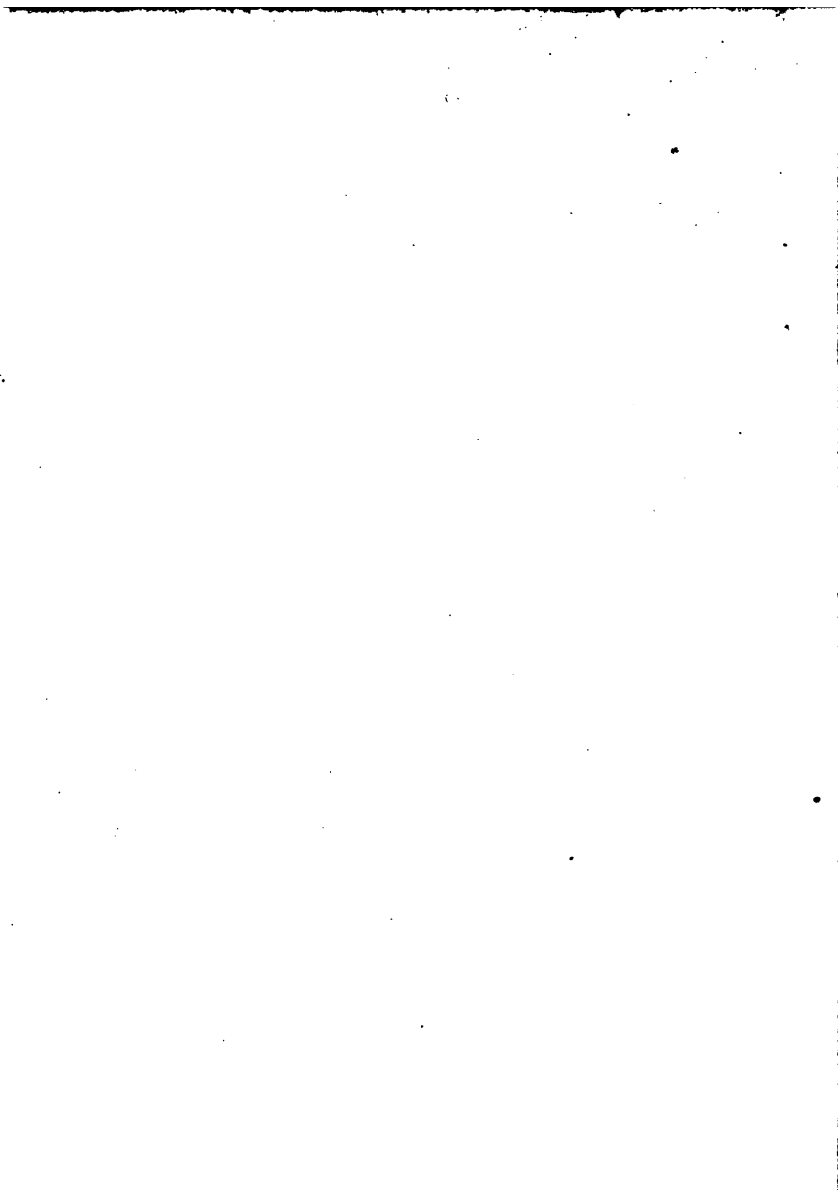
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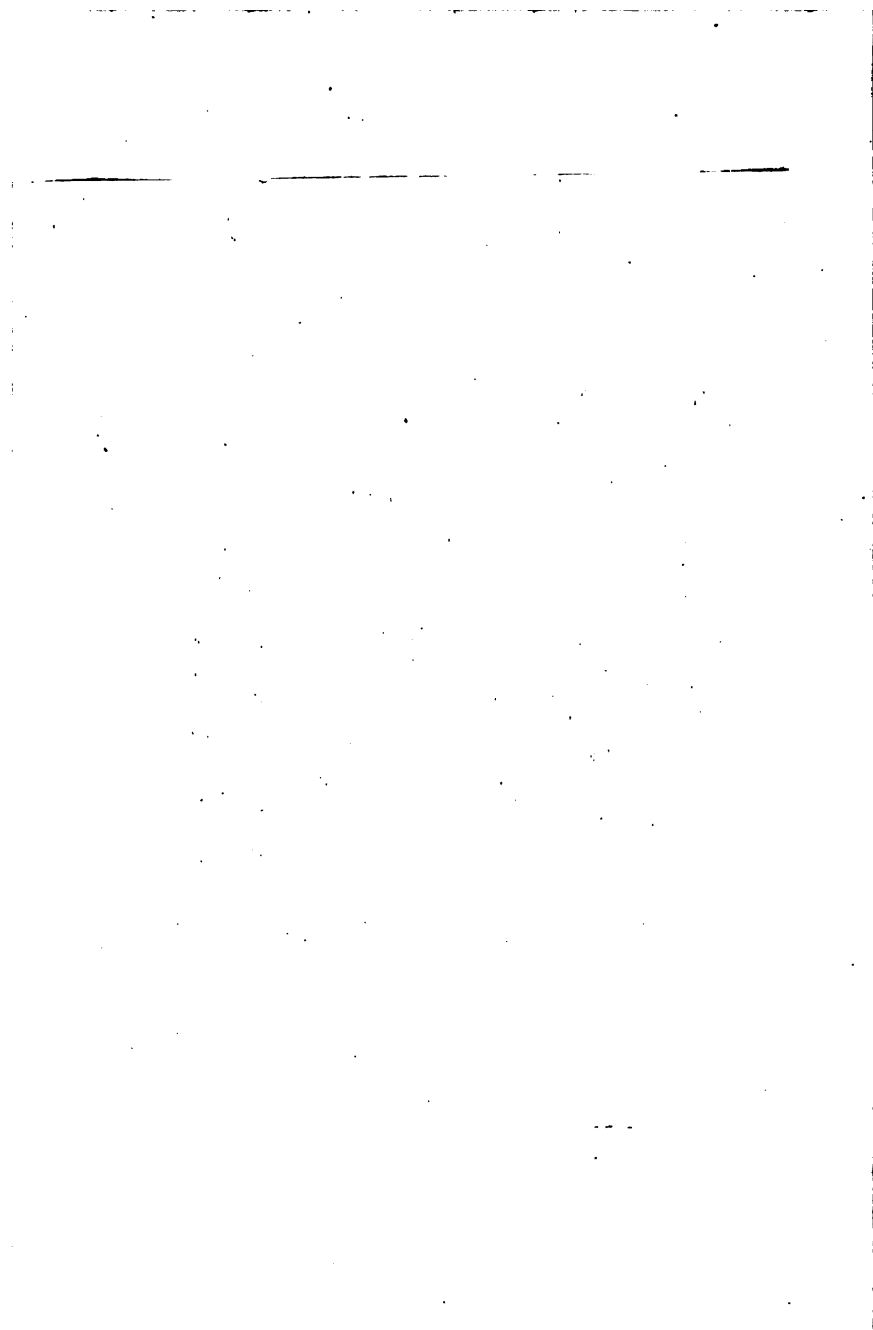
Whom can she seek, or whither roam,  
Bereft of sister, husband, brother !  
On the wide world without a home,  
A widowed wife, a childless mother !

“ Help me, my God ”—she knelt in prayer,  
Her tearful eye she upward raises ;  
Her all of earth and heaven was there,  
Upon, around the throne of Jesus.

Her prayer was heard—one lingering foe,  
Was God's commissioned messenger ;  
Unseen the hand—unfelt the blow,  
That ope'd the gates of heaven to her.

O ! bliss, unutterable bliss—  
The blood-bought gift of Christ our Saviour !  
Earth's joy is false and fleeting—this,  
Pure, boundless, perfect, and for ever !





### THE COTTAGE.

THERE is no country in the world so famous for its cottages as England, the land of our forefathers. On the continent of Europe, the labouring people of the country live very much in villages, and sometimes many families are huddled together under the same roof; neither have they commonly that taste for neatness and ornament which distinguishes the English cottage. Much of the comfort and some of the morality of Great Britain are undoubtedly owing to the care which the country people bestow upon their houses.

As I am about to relate some incidents concerning a country family in England, it will be proper to give some account of the cottage in which they lived. And now you must not think of a snug little building, covered with shingles, with the boards of a glossy white, and green window shutters. The cottage of which I speak looks as if it had been built two hundred years ago. It is however composed of two parts, and one of these is

much older than the other. Both are built of stone, and plaistered over in the manner which we call rough-casting ; and both are covered with a straw-thatch of great thickness. The gable-ends are almost hidden by the ivy, and creepers run up to the tops of the chimneys. The windows are almost square, and are not sashes, but casements, that is, they open like doors. The shrubbery around the doors is old and stout, but well-trimmed ; and the vines and bushes give shelter to scores of sparrows and other little birds, which have their nests among the branches.

So much for the outside, let us now look at the inside of the house. It looks very dark and smoky to an American eye, for their principal room has only one window, and shows neither paint nor whitewash. The immense fireplace extends all across one end of the house, and there are stone seats built into the chimney corner. The mantel is almost as high as the top of the room. A great staircase like a ladder goes to the loft above. There is no ceiling, and the joist are used for shelves, or to hang a saddle or a fitch on. Still there is a great appearance of warmth, cleanliness, and convenience. Every thing looks snug and comfortable. This room is kitchen, dining-room and parlour, all in one. In such apartments

some of the greatest men in England passed many of their early days.

But the chief ornament of the Digby cottage is the cluster of noble old trees just behind it. These tower above the house as if they were protecting it, and give the most beautiful back-ground to the picture. Under their broad and delightful shade the children of five or six generations have played, and the ground is worn bare by their incessant sports. Here too the good people take their meals when the weather allows, and sit during the long English summer evenings, for my young readers must remember that in England the nights about midsummer are shorter than any we are familiar with in our latitude.

The scene in the picture is one of every day occurrence at Digby Cottage. From the exceeding thickness of the foliage you may imagine it to be June. It is the time when birds are singing by thousands. And some of these birds we know nothing about except in books, as for instance the redbreast, the cuckoo, the skylark and the nightingale. The summers in England are by no means so oppressively hot as our's sometimes are. Hence, when the weather is dry, people are able to spend much more time out of doors, than with us.

Here you have thirteen living characters—in-



cluding the poultry ; and these are no unimportant part of the company, in the opinion of the young Digbys. The seven little folks are the children of two widows, who live in the cottage which peeps from the trees. Their husbands died but lately, and one of the widows is in mourning still. But children do not suffer lasting griefs, and though the larger ones were truly grieved at the loss of their father, they have now returned to their former manners.

The boy who sits on the ground, and who seems to be paring and eating an apple, is John Digby, and his sister Mary is looking this way from the stile, where she is chatting with her cousin Esther. All the others are the children of the younger widow Digby, the youngest of all being in the arms of her sister Lucy. Little rosy-cheeked Harry, who has his hand on the chain, is only beginning to toddle about, but he is as merry as a cricket, and feels that he has as much right as any of them to the chickens, which they have been feeding with grains of barley.

These little creatures show their happiness in their faces. The flutter, and hurry, and chuckling of a few fowls, which they are feeding, give them a greater and far more innocent pleasure, than the rich and fashionable are supposed to enjoy at the

play-house. Each pullet has her name, and each child claims one of the number as his by peculiar right. But you are not to suppose that all their time is spent under the spreading trees, or in watching the funny ways of the poultry. No: they would soon grow weary of this; and one great reason why they enjoy their sports so much is that they have them rarely. For these are poor children, and they work more hours than they play. This makes them come to their amusements with a double zest. In the middle of the day, before they have their frugal dinner, their mothers always allow them an hour for play. They are spending their hour under the shady trees, and they feel that they have earned their recreation. I do not suppose that all the seven ever had two shillings in money of their own. They have chickens and ducks worth more than this, but these they raised themselves, and hence the pleasure they feel is greater than if they had bought them. The labour of these little creatures is worth two or three shillings a week; but for part of it there is no payment in money, and the whole of what is earned goes to their dear mothers.

What is it that such little things as these can do in the way of work? Much more than those who live a life of ease would be ready to think. Three

of the girls can already sew quite neatly, and they are capital knitters. They make the stockings and mittens of the family, and a few beside. Esther gave a beautiful pair of lambs-wool stockings, made by her own hands, to the doctor, as a part of his pay for attending on her mother. Besides this they can card and give a little help to their mothers when they are spinning; in which John and Edward join. The boys also knit a little, for in such a family children are not allowed to stand much upon their dignity; they do what is needed, and what they are bidden. The Digby boys are learning to milk and churn. They can split an easy log into billets, and keep up the fires. They are very good at sweeping, at setting the table, and at carrying the pail to and from the spring. They can do a good turn at cutting out strips of cloth, or carpet-rags, for their sisters to sew together. In a word, this busy family goes on the plan that what the small ones cannot do, the large ones will, and so among them, the whole work of the house is done, without the help of any one else.

But do not these children go to school? They go to the Sunday school, but to no other. When John and Andrew Digby were living, the elder children went for a short time to the village-school, but now their widowed mothers are too poor to

send them. Shortly after the death of Andrew Digby, the younger brother, his widow said to her sister, "I think, sister, we ought to do something for the schooling of our children."

"Why, Deborah, what in the world can we do? All our earnings together will not come to five shillings a week."

"That is true enough, sister, but we can try to do something within doors. We have both been pretty well taught in our youth, and you are particularly good at writing. I have been thinking of this plan. Let some one or other of the children be always employed with a book. Let them take turns, a quarter of an hour for each. They can read to us while we work, and the little ones can be learning their letters before their hands are employed."

"I like what you say," said the elder widow Digby, "and I am anxious to make a beginning. We can be always learning something useful and pleasant, while we are busy. I wonder I never thought of it myself. And yet there are very few families, where I ever saw it done. But what shall we do for books?"

"Why you know there is a chest full in the loft, which we have never had time to look over. And there are the excellent little books which the

children bring home from Sunday-school. And have we not the best of all books, which is a little library in itself?"

"True enough," replied the widow Digby, "and now I come to think of it, Mrs. Parsons, the schoolmaster's wife, promised me the very last time she was here, the loan of the Penny Magazine, which her husband takes in, and some nice books of the Religious Tract Society, which are constantly coming out."

"Better and better," said Deborah, "you may rest assured we shall have no great difficulty about books. The thing will be to get a chance to read them. What with the noise of our wheels, and the clatter of feet, and the things we have to say to one another about our work, and the chattering of the children, we shall not find many hours in the day."

"Never mind, if we get *one*, it will be so much clear gain; and I think we shall do better than that. So let us make a beginning."

A beginning they did make, and they have kept it up a few months, with very great satisfaction and profit. As soon as the room is pretty well cleaned after breakfast, and the out-door work somewhat despatched, all become quiet, and a chapter or two of the Bible are read aloud by John, Mary and

Esther, who take turns. Then the smaller ones say their lessons, one at a time, and the elder girls can generally set them right when they go wrong, and this while they are at their work. Mary often hears Lucy a spelling lesson while she is stirring something at the hearth, and Esther looks over Edward's copy at the same time that she is knitting or sewing. It is surprising what an amount of useful knowledge may be gained in this way, in the course of a few years. They always endeavour to arrange the matter so as to avoid weariness; and the younger children especially are allowed to run about at their pleasure, except for a very short period in each day.

The effect of all this is that the Digby family is one of the happiest in the neighbourhood. Both parents and children are gaining knowledge every day, and what will always make this knowledge more valuable to them, they are gaining it together. They love their home, and they love one another all the better for these household instructions. The family is indeed a school, and they teach one another.

The Sundays at Digby Cottage are delightful. I wish all the cottages in our beloved country would enjoy such Sabbaths! All work is laid aside on that day, and the whole time is given to

rest, to instruction, and to sacred fellowship and worship. All go to church, and all go to Sunday-school, the parents to teach, and the children to be taught. As they live too far from the church to return between the services, they have no set dinner upon Sunday, but gather around a plentiful supper, on their return. After this comfortable meal, they go, when the season allows, to the favourite shade in the rear of the cottage. Here they talk over what they have been hearing in the church, and compare the books they have brought from the library, and join in hymns of praise to God their Saviour. They all sing; even the infant begins to throw in her little piping note among the rest. Their voices join with the evening song of many a bird among the neighbouring hawthorns. The balmy fragrance of fields and flowers, the sound of the rill that trickles away through the meadow from the spring, the hum of the returning bee, and the distant lowings of the herd, all unite to make them calm and pensive, and all suit well with the evening of the Lord's Day. Then, when a portion of God's holy word has been read, they kneel in prayer, and are ready to retire to rest as happy as poor sinful creatures are likely to be in this world.

## THE WILLING VICTIM.

"A sudden splash was heard alongside, and the whole boat was in an uproar. The work of death had commenced."

ALAS for the fate of that gallant ship! How proudly she rides over the smooth blue sea. The sky is clear—the stars glitter in the dizzy height of heaven. The sails are all bent, and the ship is on the broad bosom of the ocean—far away from the dangers of the coast.

The passengers and crew, save the watch on deck, are buried in deep slumber. Their busy thoughts wander, perchance, to the homes and friends they have left, or to those they hope to meet at the termination of their voyage. Suddenly a terrific concussion is felt; the ship lies trembling from the shock, and every soul is summoned upon deck. She has struck upon an iceberg; and the exclamation of the captain tells the fearful extent of the disaster. "———, we can't save the



ship!—it's of no use—clear away the long boat!" Surprise and terror strike through the stoutest hearts. There is but a moment's suspense, however. The doom of the ship is sealed, and even now she slowly settles down—down into the dark abyss.—Who can describe the scene that ensues! In what language can we express the agony of conjugal and parental anxiety. The cries of helpless children, who have never known any refuge from trouble but their mothers' arms—the stifled emotions of terror and dismay which shake the bosoms of even hardy sailors, as they cast their eyes upon their crippled and sinking ship, and upon the crowd of hapless beings that look imploringly to them for rescue. In the dead of night—far, far from all aid or sympathy, amidst shrieks of anguish and despair, and with scarcely a hope of success, they avail themselves of the only way of escape which is left to them. The boat is lowered. The moment it strikes the rising wave, there is a desperate struggle to gain it—and to many it was but a struggle for the grave. They missed their foot-hold, or mistook the distance, or were carried away by the violent rush of others, and found their resting place in the unfathomable depths.

Death was now a familiar guest in that hapless circle, and men were not deterred from

peril through fear of him. The boat was soon filled—forty-two souls sought safety in her, and every foot of standing space was completely occupied. There was a scanty supply of provision and water, and two or three nautical instruments, but the boat could not be managed, nor could it even live with such a number on board. The other boat was lowered, and the captain, with a portion of the passengers and crew, occupied it. The two boats lay, side by side, at the stern of the ship, to which they were attached by lines, reluctant to part from it and from their companions and friends who remained on board. But the moment of separation was not long delayed. In three brief hours after the collision took place the ship filled, and as she sunk into the yawning gulf, the lines that connected the boats to her were cut, and the shrieks and wailings of many a hapless soul died upon the ears of that night as the eddying waters closed over that good ship.

The day dawned ; and the survivors of the wreck could now realise more perfectly their forlorn condition. With a degree of self-possession, fortunately not rare among men of his profession, the captain informed the mate, who had charge of the long boat, in what latitude and longitude they then were, and at the same time took the names of the

passengers and crew. As they were about to separate, the captain addressed a few words of encouragement to the company on board the long boat, urging them to be of good cheer, and suggesting the hope that all might yet be well. He then bade them farewell, and in fifteen minutes was out of sight.

To make our narrative intelligible, we must return to the ship as she bounded over the waves before the disastrous interruption of her voyage. We find on board a gay, thoughtless assemblage from various parts of the wide world, all intent upon some real or fancied good, and all buoyed up with the hope of ultimate success in their pursuits. The children have no cares which a cup of water, a crust of bread, or a pillow will not drive away. There is more than one anxious heart there, however, that beats almost wholly for them, and more than one tender eye that follows them in all their motions, and watches them with sleepless solicitude.

There are others who seem to be absorbed in themselves, holding little converse, and having, as it would seem, little sympathy with the social and mirthful groups that meet and separate and meet again, in the different quarters of the ship, as the long day passes over. Some sleep away the lazy hours—some read—some sing—some write—and

not a few seek in vain to drown their cares and troubles in the intoxicating cup.

But there is one who belongs to none of these classes. You may see him in the after cabin at early morning, and again in the still hours of evening, with a small, thick, tastily-bound volume in his hand, full of paper marks, and bearing testimony to the fidelity with which it has been read, as well as to the care with which it has been preserved. Mark his steps through the live-long day. Though he is evidently infirm and fond of retirement and meditation, still he has a kind word for all. He sympathises with the sick and feeble. He smiles approvingly on all the innocent amusements and employments that pass before him, and enters, with peculiar interest, into all the little joys and trials, hopes and disappointments of the children, as they frolic upon deck.

The passenger who occupies the same apartment with him, will tell you that this young man addresses himself to some imperative duty which he performs with sacred diligence and punctuality. Before he commits himself to sleep, and again when he awakes to the light of a new day, his mind seems turned away from earth towards heaven. Nothing diverts him from his purpose—nothing interferes with his appointed

hour. If you have an opportunity to look into the blank leaf of that little volume, you will find his name and his mother's name inscribed upon it; and if you listen to his morning and evening orisons, you will find that a godly mother is remembered before God as the chief blessing of his life.

On the eve of that melancholy night, when the fearful catastrophe we have described occurred, this sober, but cheerful and friendly young man, had remembered God. He had thought deeply of His watchful providence—of His mighty power, so sublimely displayed in the wonders around him—of his own dependence—of the uncertainty of life, and of the blessed hope of a glorious immortality to which we are begotten by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. With a contented mind, a peaceful conscience, and a calm but firm reliance upon the mercy and faithfulness of the God whom he loved and served, he committed himself to sleep; and when the outcry of danger reached his ear, it filled him with surprise, but not with terror. He had nothing to fear, and every thing to hope. He was sustained by the persuasion that all things must work together for good to those that love God—and that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth,

nor any other creature, should be able to separate him from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

In the midst of all the confusion and terror of that disastrous night, he was calm and unmoved, except by the danger and distress of others. When the boat was lowered, he felt it to be his duty to avail himself of any means of escape which a kind providence should furnish, and not knowing, in the darkness of the night and the general distraction that prevailed on every side, what was the capacity of the boat, or what number had already taken refuge in her, he sprang on board.

When the dawn of day revealed their forlorn and perilous condition, they saw, at a glance, the impracticability of managing their frail bark, or even keeping her above water, with such a load. The weather was severely cold, and the sea rough and threatening. The mate, in an under tone, had intimated to the captain before their separation, that it was impossible that a leaky boat should live with such a burden, and that it would be necessary to cast lots, or to decide in some summary way, who should die. The captain urged him to do the best he could, and not resort to such a revolting course but in the very last extremity.

The suggestion was not without its influence upon the mate's mind, and through the day they made the best of their circumstances, but when night drew near, the apprehension of danger increased. In a little while the mate was seen conversing with one and another of the crew upon the necessity of lightening the boat by the removal of some of the passengers, and seeking their aid in the work of death. One and another were asked, and all instinctively shrunk from the fearful deed. But the necessity was urged until there was a heart found, steeled enough to the sensibilities of nature, to lead the way. A sudden splash was heard alongside, and the whole boat's company was instantly in an uproar. The work of death had indeed commenced. The cry was soon heard that this was foul play—"If we are to die, let us die fair—let us cast lots," exclaimed one and another, while cold paleness and trembling fear settled on almost every countenance.

There was an old man, who might seem from his gray locks and care-worn features, to have had

"Enough of life's woes, full enough of its cheer"

He found himself marked as a victim, and when

they approached to lay hands on him he fell upon his knees and begged them to take all he had, but to spare his life. Perhaps he was looking forward to a home in this new world among an affectionate circle of children, who had happily succeeded in securing a competency in some beautiful village of the West, and whose cup of earthly enjoyment would be full if their prosperity could be witnessed and shared by the old man, whose coming they anticipated with high hopes. "Spare me," said the old man, "not for myself, but for my children. Here is all I have," drawing out a purse of sovereigns, "take this, but do not take my life."

It was all in vain. Some must die, and who so near the grave as this old man? In a moment his remonstrances were silenced in the overwhelming surge.

Near him sat the young man, whose interesting deportment had won so many hearts. Surely they will spare him, thought all the company. They will not send him down into the deep grave of the sea, in the bright morning of his days. One so young and so gentle must have very many and dear friends, whose tenderest affections are bound up in his life. Let him live to exemplify, as he ever has done, the devotion of filial love and



service—the strength of principle, and the beauty and excellence of truth. Let him live to cheer and sustain his widowed mother, and to protect and guide his brothers and sisters. This was the voice of the sufferers around him. But no such pleadings are heard from his lips. He is lifted above the present extremity, and his thoughts and joys and sympathies are already transferred to the world of spirits.

He sees that he is among the doomed! He lifts his meek eyes to the heavens, and breathes forth the prayer of a departing spirit, "LORD JESUS, RECEIVE ME TO THE MANSIONS OF ETERNAL REST." Then turning to those who approached to cast him, he said with unruffled calmness, "I am now prepared, but I do not wish you to throw me overboard—I will go myself." And gathering up the garment, which was all he had saved from the wreck, he wrapped it close around him, and with a firm and dauntless spirit stepped from the gunwale of the boat into the sea, and sank gently down into the fathomless abyss. There was a moment's pause in this mysterious work of death—a silent tribute to the memory of a stranger that was loved, an involuntary homage to extraordinary faith and heavenly submission.

**Happy, happy, indeed, was it for that young man that his peace was made with God, and that he could feel the sustaining persuasion that while his body was sinking into the caverns of the great deep, his soul would be passing through the portals of the heavenly city to mansions of perfect purity and unmingled joy.**

**THE END.**



